This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

ELSON GRAMMAR SCHOOL READER

BOOK THREE

Educ T 759.10.275

Harvard College Library

LIBRARY OF THE

Department of Education

COLLECTION OF TEXT-BOOKS
Contributed by the Publishers

TRANSFERRED
TO
H[redacted]

3 2044 097 070 304

ELSON

GRAMMAR SCHOOL READER

BOOK THREE

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, CLEVELAND, OHIO

AND

CHRISTINE KECK
PRINCIPAL OF SIGSBEE SCHOOL, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

CHICAGO
SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

Educt 759.10.375
I 73.3801/g
III

6 June 1910
[illegible] University
[illegible] Library

TRANSFERRED TO
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FEB 18 1921

Copyright, 1910
By SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART I—Patriotic Selections and Nature Poems

		PAGE
PATRIOTISM:		
WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE	*Sir William Jones*	15
A SONG OF THE CAMP	*Bayard Taylor*	17
THE FLAG GOES BY	*Henry H. Bennett*	20
ABRAHAM LINCOLN	*Richard Henry Stoddard*	22
CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS	*Archbishop Corrigan*	23
NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS	*Charles Sprague*	25
THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS	*Felicia Hemans*	27
THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON	*Thomas Jefferson*	29
THE AMERICAN FLAG	*Henry Ward Beecher*	32
NOLAN'S SPEECH	*Edward Everett Hale*	34
TALES OF A GRANDFATHER	*Sir Walter Scott*	
THE STORY OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE		35
ROBERT THE BRUCE		43
THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN		55
THE EXPLOITS OF DOUGLAS AND RANDOLPH		62
BIRDS:		
TO A SKYLARK	*William Wordsworth*	69
THE THROSTLE	*Alfred Lord Tennyson*	70
TO THE CUCKOO	*William Wordsworth*	72
THE SANDPIPER	*Celia Thaxter*	74
THE BELFRY PIGEON	*Nathaniel Parker Willis*	76
ROBERT OF LINCOLN	*William Cullen Bryant*	79
THE BIRDS' ORCHESTRA	*Celia Thaxter*	82
FLOWERS:		
VIOLET! SWEET VIOLET	*James Russell Lowell*	83
SWEET PEAS	*John Keats*	85
TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY	*Robert Burns*	86
TO THE DANDELION	*James Russell Lowell*	89
TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN	*William Cullen Bryant*	92
THE DAFFODILS	*William Wordsworth*	93
THE USE OF FLOWERS	*Mary Howitt*	95
CHORUS OF FLOWERS	*Leigh Hunt*	97
WINTER:		
THE FROST SPIRIT	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	101
THE FROST	*Hannah Flagg Gould*	103
SNOW FLAKES	*Henry W. Longfellow*	105
THE SNOW STORM	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	106
MIDWINTER	*John T. Trowbridge*	108

SHAKESPEARE SONGS: PAGE
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE ... 110
HARK, HARK, THE LARK ... 111
ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE ... 112
COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS ... 113
OVER HILL OVER DALE ... 114
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND ... 114
WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL ... 116

PART II—King Arthur Stories

INTRODUCTION ... 119
THE COMING OF ARTHUR ... 122
THE STORY OF GARETH ... 136
THE PEERLESS KNIGHT LANCELOT ... 160
THE PASSING OF ARTHUR ... 185
THE COMING OF ARTHUR ... *Alfred Lord Tennyson* ... 206
THE PASSING OF ARTHUR ... *Alfred Lord Tennyson* ... 223
THE LADY OF SHALOTT ... *Alfred Lord Tennyson* ... 239

PART III—Great American Authors

BIOGRAPHIES ... 245
WASHINGTON IRVING
THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW ... 257
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
SONG OF MARION'S MEN ... 291
THE HURRICANE ... 294
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH ... 297
THE BUILDERS ... 341
THE SKELETON IN ARMOR ... 344
THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD ... 351
THE DAY IS DONE ... 353
RALPH WALDO EMERSON
HYMN ... 356
FORBEARANCE ... 357
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP ... 358
THE PINE TREE SHILLINGS ... 365
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
THE HERITAGE ... 370
THE FATHERLAND ... 373
THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS ... 375
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
MAUD MULLER ... 378
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY ... 385
THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS ... 387
EDGAR ALLAN POE
THE ISLAND OF THE FAY ... 389
SIDNEY LANIER
THE MARSHES OF GLYNN ... 393

INTRODUCTION.

This book is designed to furnish a rich and varied supply of reading matter suited to the interests and needs of children in the latter part of their grammar school work. The selections, chosen from among the masterpieces of English and American literature, are offered because of their beauty and worth—because they are good to read and to re-read. The groupings into separate parts will aid both teachers and pupils in classifying the material, indicating at a glance the range and variety of literature included.

Part One includes both poetry and prose, and the selections offered are of superior excellence. The stirring notes of patriotism from our American authors find fitting supplement in the captivating stories of Sir Walter Scott, which have delighted old and young for many generations. These furnish a basis in enthusiasm for the appeal to heroism and devotion. The series of nature poems and songs from Shakespeare fittingly complete a group of literary creations, notable for their beauty of expression and their clearness of thought and imagery.

Part Two contains some of the romances of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. These beautiful legends of adventure and chivalry which have charmed old and young for countless generations furnish exceptional materials for inculcating some fundamental qualities of human character. For the lesson of these brave knights going forth to render loving service to others, overcoming evil in the pursuit of good, developing in themselves the divine qualities of purity, benevolence, and good-will, must make powerfully for righteousness in the youthful reader, the would-be knight of the present.

Part Three is given to a study of the great American authors, and no apology is needed either for the choice of material or for the list of names included. They represent the makers of our

American literature and the selections chosen, both prose and poetry, are from the best of the authors' writings. From Irving to Holmes, the spirit and thoughts of our developing nation are portrayed in a distinctively American literature, and some of the choicest treasures of that creative period are here brought together. Through these, the children may become familiar with the life of the past and made conscious of some of its lessons for the present and the future.

The biographies are intended to acquaint the children with the personal characteristics and lives of the authors, making them more interesting and real to the children, giving them the human touch and incidentally furnishing helpful data for interpreting their writings. The Biographical Introduction to Part III gives a related story of the lives of the American authors from whose writings selections have been made in this book. "Helps to Study" include questions and notes designed to stimulate inquiry on the part of pupils and to suggest fruitful lines of study. Only a few points are suggested, to indicate the way, and no attempt is made to cover the ground in all directions; this remains for the teacher to do.

It is not expected that the order of selections will be followed. On the contrary, each teacher will follow the order which will best suit his own plans and purposes. While there is much material in the book that will reënforce lessons in history, geography, and nature study, yet it is not for this that these selections should be studied, but rather for the pleasure that comes from reading beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. The reading lesson should therefore be a study of literature, and it should lead the children to find beauty of thought and feeling, fitness in figures of speech, and delicate shades of meaning in words. Literature is an art, and the chief aim of the reading lesson is to discover and interpret its art qualities. In this way children learn how to read books and are enabled to appreciate the literary treasures of the race. The business of the reading book is to furnish the best available material for this purpose.

It is worth while to make a thorough study of a few well-chosen selections. Through the power gained in this way children are enabled to interpret and enjoy other selections without the aid of the teacher. If the class work is for the most part of the intensive kind, the pupil will read the remaining lessons alone for the pleasure of it, which is at once the secret and goal of good teaching in literature. Moreover, he will be led to exercise discriminating taste and judgment in his choice of reading matter. To love good literature, to find pleasure in reading it and to gain power to choose it with discrimination are the supreme ends to be attained by the reading lesson. For this reason, some selections should be read many times for the pleasure they give the children. In music the teacher sometimes calls for expressions of preference among songs: "What song shall we sing, children?" So in reading, "What selection shall we read?" is a good question for the teacher to ask frequently. Thus children come to make familiar friends of some of the stories and poems, and find genuine enjoyment in reading these again and again.

Good results may also be obtained by assigning to a pupil a particular lesson which he is expected to prepare. On a given day he will read to the class the selection assigned to him. The pupil who can read one selection well has gone a long way toward being a good reader. The teacher who said to her pupils, "I shall read to you tomorrow," recognized the value of an occasional exercise of this kind in arousing the interest of her pupils. Good pedagogy approves of a judicious use of methods of imitation in teaching reading.

A. T. Quiller-Couch says: "I believe that if, for one-half hour a day, a teacher were to read good poetry aloud with his pupils, not fretting them with comments, not harrying them with too frequent questions, but doing his best by voice and manner to hold their attention, and encourage them to read in their turn, pausing only at some salient beauty, or some unusual difficulty, above all giving the poetry time to *sink in*—I believe thoroughly he would find himself rewarded beyond all

calculations. For a child's mind is a wonderful worker if we only trust it. A child's imagination is as susceptible of improvement by exercise as his judgment or memory. Can we not so persuade our schoolmasters that our children may hear this music more clearly and more constantly than we?"

While placing emphasis primarily on the thought-getting process the formalities of thought-giving must not be overlooked. The technique of reading, though always subordinate and secondary to the mastery of the thought, nevertheless claims constant and careful attention. Good reading requires clear enunciation and correct pronunciation, and these can be secured only when the teacher steadily insists upon them. The increase of foreign elements in our school population and the influence of these upon clearness and accuracy of speech furnish added reason for attention to these details. Special drill exercises should be given and the habit of using the dictionary freely should be firmly established in pupils. The ready use of the dictionary and other reference books for pronunciation and meaning of words, for historical and mythical allusions should be steadily cultivated. Without doubt much of the reading accepted in the public schools is seriously deficient in these particulars. The art of good reading can be cultivated by judicious training and the school should spare no pains to realize this result.

Professor Clark, in his book on "How to Teach Reading," sets forth clearly the situation. We quote a few of the sentences from his treatment of these important topics:

Appreciation of the meaning and beauty of literature is the first requisite of a successful teacher of reading; and yet in many parts of the country there are a surprising number who are called upon to teach with scarcely more than an elementary training in literature. As a result too many teachers have no love for literature.

OBJECTS TO BE ATTAINED.

It may be asked, what objects are to be attained as a result of reading lessons? First, the power to extract thought from the printed page. After we leave school, our information is gained from books; and what we get from these is largely determined by our school training. Our system of education has much to answer for in failing

to provide this training. The value of vocal expression is not to be depreciated, but of the utmost importance is the ability to get the author's meaning. Our teaching, from the primary grade to the university, should never lose sight of its responsibility in this regard. In the words of Carlyle: "What the universities can mainly do for you, what I have found the university did for me, was, that it taught me to read." This remark, of course, applies to silent reading. A well-known college professor, in response to a school superintendent's question as to what would better the preparation of students for college, replied: "Teach them how to read." Another college instructor —a learned authority on geology—remarks that he finds occasion to say to his classes about once a month, "It's a great thing to be able to read a page of English." No one who examines the reading in our schools can fail to be impressed, not so much with the absence of expressive power, as with the absence of mental grasp. We are so anxious to get on that we are content with skimming the surface, and do not take the time to get beneath it. The reading lesson should be, primarily, a thinking lesson, and every shade of thought should be carefully distinguished, no matter how long a time may be consumed. The habit of hurrying over the page, which is so prevalent, is clearly an outgrowth of schoolroom methods. Careless of all the future, we are too prone to push the pupil along, ignoring the simplest and most evident of psychological laws, that thought comes by thinking, and thinking takes time. * * * * And there is no better way to develop such a thinking person than by that thought analysis which is the first and indispensable step to true oral expression. * * * * Training in thought-getting is, then, the first result to be expected from the reading lesson. The second is the power of adequate vocal expression.

TRAIN THE IMAGINATION.

The most important fact to be borne in mind in endeavoring to develop the pupil's sympathy with what he describes is this: imitation of sounds, and of gestures, and of movement, is a very low order of art. We cannot imitate thunder, but we can show in our voices the awe that it inspires. When we unconsciously hurry our reading under the impulse the imagination receives from contemplating, let us say, the rapid movement of a cavalry charge, we do so not in imitation of, but in sympathy with, the picture. This is not primarily a question of art, but of nature. It is only ignorant teaching that says to a pupil, "Is that the way the thunder roars?" or "Read more rapidly; don't you see that you are describing the flight of the horses?" Furthermore, if we read slowly a passage describing a funeral procession, there is no conscious imitation of slowness, but a sympathy with the solemnity, stateliness and dignity of the occasion.

A very little observation will show us whether the imitation is conscious or sympathetic. In the former case, the voice will be expressing merely speed or slowness. In the latter, there will be speed or slowness, too, but accompanied by an indefinable and yet recognizable quality of voice, which is the expression of our sympathy. This is an infallible criterion.

Lastly, it must be urged that we give more time to this work. The imagination cannot be developed in a week or a month; and unless there is imagination, there can be no sympathy. It is difficult to restrain one's self and not dwell longer on the value of the training of the imagination. We have no hesitation in saying that that feature of education is the most neglected. Such training as is here suggested will, in many cases, do much to bring about a more favorable condition of affairs. But it takes time, and plenty of it. The teacher should read to the class quite often such passages as are likely to stimulate the imagination. Make the class follow attentively and get them to give back the picture, as far as possible, in minutest detail. Do this again and again and improvement must follow. Just in proportion as the imagination is stimulated may we hope for a better class of reading. We have no time to teach any subject poorly! * * * * It should be impressed upon pupils from the outset that they are studying the thoughts and feelings of others that find expression in words upon the printed page. They must discover the thoughts behind the words and then express them; that is all there is to reading.

THINGS TO AVOID.

Avoid, and the admonition is repeated once more, talking to the pupils about inflection, pause, and the like. These are instinctive manifestations of mental states, and will appear when the conditions are right.

Let the teacher not follow slavishly the order of lessons in the regular reading book. Let him choose such selections or parts of them as offer the best opportunity for practice where the class most needs it. Let him further find extracts from outside sources for class use. They may be written on the board or mimeographed.

It has been said that we must have a technique if we would read. This may be granted; but it is equally to be granted that the principal technique is mental, and, moreover, that, in the public schools, our aim is to produce simple, natural, expressive readers, not artistic actors and orators. There is, then, no necessity for drills on inflection, time, modulation, and the like, as such. Give the pupil all the drill that is necessary on the states of mind producing these effects, but let us never separate the technique from the mental condition that will find instinctive expression in that technique. Expression grows through expressing. If we will bear this in mind, and present the right thoughts and emotions to be expressed, at the right time, there should and will be no difficulty.

The best way to learn to love good literature is to study only good literature, and to study it again, again and again. What is truly great art cannot be apprehended at a glance, but requires time for its fullest appreciation.

To discriminating teachers it will be apparent that this book is not the usual school reader. On the contrary it differs widely from this in the cultural value of the selections, in the classifi-

cation and arrangement of material, in the variety of interest to which it appeals, and in the abundance of classic literature from English and American authors which it contains. It aims to furnish the best in poetry and prose to be found in the literature of the English-speaking race and to furnish it in abundance. If these familiar old selections, long accepted as among the best in literature, shall be the means of cultivating in pupils a taste for good reading, the book will have fulfilled its purpose.

Grateful acknowledgement is made to those teachers who have given valuable suggestions and criticisms in the compilation of this book.

THE AUTHORS.

January, 1910.

PART I

PATRIOTIC SELECTIONS AND NATURE POEMS

"A great poem is a fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PART I

PATRIOTIC SELECTIONS AND NATURE POEMS.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

1

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride.

2

No! *Men*—high-minded *men*—
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.

3

These constitute a state;
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Dissension like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

4

Such was this heaven-loved isle;
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical and Historical: Sir William Jones, 1746-1794, was an English author who was born at Westminster. He was a noted linguist and the son of the mathematician William Jones. He was knighted in 1783 and went to Calcutta as judge of the high court, where he died.

Crete, an island in the Mediterranean Sea, south of Greece, famed in the legends of Zeus and Minos and celebrated in antiquity for its laws. Lesbos, an island in the Aegean Sea, was celebrated as the seat of music and learning.

Notes and Questions.

What things does the poet say do not constitute a state?

What does the poet say constitutes a state?

Explain line four, stanza one.

What comparison is made in lines two to four, stanza two?

What tyrant is mentioned in line eight, stanza two?

What is "that state's collected will"?
The poet personifies "Law" and "Dissension". Why?
To what does "his" and "her" refer in line eight, stanza three?
What island does the poet compare with Lesbos and Crete?
Would you apply lines three and four, stanza four, to Americans as well as to Britons?
Read the line which tells that all men must die.
What are the rewards that "decorate the brave"?
Point out lines that are especially beautiful.

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"high-raised battlements"
"labored mound"
"turrets crowned"
"laughing at the storm"
"brambles rude"
"heaven-loved isle"
"sacred frown"
"steal inglorious"
"sweet rewards"

A SONG OF THE CAMP.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

1

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

2

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

3

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

4

They lay along the battery's side
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon.

5

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory,
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

6

Voice after voice caught up the song
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

7

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

8

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

9

And once again a fire of Hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell
And bellowing of the mortars!

10

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For the singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

11

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical and Historical: Bayard Taylor, 1825-1878, an American poet of high rank, was a Pennsylvania Quaker, who formed the central figure in the group of authors who gathered in New York City. He traveled extensively in Europe, making his first trip at eighteen years of age. During a stay of two years he "traveled on foot" more than three thousand miles in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, and upon his return gave an account of his travels in "Views Afoot." He and Richard Henry Stoddard were warm personal friends.

In 1854 the Peninsula of Crimea was the scene of a war waged by England, France and Turkey against Russia. The incident related in this poem doubtless occurred during the siege of Sebastopol, which continued from October, 1854, to September, 1855, when the important fortresses known as the Malakoff and the Redan were stormed by the French and English and the Russians evacuated the city. Peace was proclaimed in April, 1856. It was in this war that the Light Brigade made their famous charge at Balaklava.

Notes and Questions.

Find the Crimean Peninsula on your map.

To whom did the soldiers say, "Give us a song!"?

What were the trenches for?

What is meant by the "camps allied"?

Why is the Redan described as "threatening"?

What was the "thunder" that the Malakoff "no longer belched"?

In which camp did this incident occur?

What forts did they expect to storm the next day?
Find the Severn, the Clyde, and the Shannon on your map.
What did the poet intend each of these names to represent?
What things are contrasted in the fifth stanza?
Is the poet thinking of one soldier or more than one in the seventh stanza?
To what is the sunset compared?
How had the courage of these soldiers been tried?
What have we learned of their tenderness from this poem?
What other stories have you read which prove the truth of the last two lines of this poem?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"weary of bombarding"
"silent scoff"
"darkening ocean"
"bellowing of the mortars"

THE FLAG GOES BY.

HENRY H. BENNETT.

1

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

2

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

3

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

4

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

5

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

6

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: Henry Holcomb Bennett, 1863-—, was born in Chillicothe, Ohio. He is a journalist, a magazine writer and a landscape painter. His articles and poems appear in the *Youth's Companion* and the *New York Independent*. This is his most popular poem.

Notes and Questions.

What are the "steel-tipped" lines?
What things are mentioned in the second stanza as passing by with the flag?
What things are mentioned in the third stanza?
How did the poet see these things?
What must a person know in order to see all this when the flag passes by?
How much do you see when the flag goes by?
How will you become able to see more than you do now?
How do you think this poem will help you to see more?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"blare of bugles"
"ruffle of drums"
"ordered lines"
"foreign wrong"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful great men;
Born with strong arms that unfought victories won.
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen,
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart.
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent;
Upon his back, a more than Atlas load,
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;
He stooped and rose up with it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councilors, kings! All now give place
To this dead Benefactor of the Race.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: Richard Henry Stoddard, 1825-1903, the son of a sea captain, was born at Hingham, Mass. After the death of his father he removed with his mother to New York City, where after a short school life he began work in an iron-foundry. He and Bayard Taylor became warm friends, meeting once a week to talk of literary matters. He wrote both prose and poetry and became a noted literary critic. He is the author of "Homes and Haunts of our Elder Poets."

Notes and Questions.

Name qualities that made Lincoln "one of Nature's great men."

What does line eight tell you?

Explain: "Chosen for large designs."

What is meant by lines eleven and twelve?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"masterful"

"unfought"

"dismayed"

"Benefactor of the Race"

CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

To us it is given to behold in its full splendor what Columbus, like another Moses on the borders of the Land of Promise, could only discern in dim and distant outlines. And, therefore, with Italy, the land of his birth; with Spain, the land of his adoption; with the other nations of the globe who are debtors to his daring, we gladly swell the universal chorus in his honor of praise and of thanksgiving.

In 1792 the ocean separated us by a journey of seventy days from Europe; our self-government was looked upon as a problem still to be solved; at home, facilities of travel and of intercommunication were yet to be provided. More than this, the unworthy innuendoes, the base as well as baseless charges that sought to tarnish the fair fame of Columbus, had not been removed by patient historical research and critical acumen. Fortunately, these clouds that gathered around the exploits of the great discoverer have been almost entirely dispelled, thanks especially to the initiative of a son of our Empire State, the immortal Washington Irving.

I beg to present Columbus as a man of science and a man of faith. As a scientist, considering the time in which he lived, he eminently deserves our respect. Both in theory and in practice he was one of the best geographers and cosmographers of the age. According to reliable historians, before he set out to discover new seas, he had navigated the whole extent of those already known. Moreover, he had studied so many authors and to such advantage that Alexander von Humboldt affirmed: "When we consider his life we must feel astonishment at the extent of his literary acquaintance."

Columbus took nothing for granted. While he bowed reverently to the teachings of his faith, he brushed away as cob-

webs certain interpretations of Scripture more fanciful than real, and calmly maintained that the Word of God cannot be in conflict with scientific truth. The project of bearing Christ over the waters sank deeply into his heart. Time and again he alludes to it as the main object of his researches and the aim of his labors. Other motives of action undoubtedly he had, but they were a means to an end.

Moreover, may we not reasonably assume that the great navigator, after all, was a willing instrument in the hands of God? The old order was changing. Three great inventions, already beginning to exert a most potent influence, were destined to revolutionize the world—the printing-press, which led to the revival of learning; the use of gun-powder, which changed the methods of warfare; the mariner's compass, which permitted the sailor to tempt boldly even unknown seas.

These three great factors of civilization, each in its own way, so stimulated human thought that the discovery of America was plainly in the designs of that Providence which "reacheth from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly."

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: Michael Augustine Corrigan, 1839-1902, third Archbishop of New York, delivered an address at Chicago, October 12, 1892, from which this selection is an extract. He was a distinguished Prelate, and wrote largely upon American patriotism.

Notes and Questions.

Explain the comparison in the second stanza.

How does the time required to cross the ocean now compare with that of Columbus?

What service did Washington Irving render?

What claim could Columbus make that he was a scientific man?

Who was Alexander von Humboldt?

What great inventions occurred previous to Columbus's discovery?

How did these inventions affect the discovery of America?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"critical acumen"

"willing instrument"

"potent influence"

"factors of civilization"

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from His mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of

a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors. The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone, and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical and Historical: Charles Sprague, 1791-1875, was born in Boston and spent his entire life there. It is said that he was never more than ten miles from Boston in all his life. His father assisted in throwing the tea overboard in the Boston Harbor. He was a banker, and for forty years was cashier of the Globe Bank. He was also an orator and an author and wrote many short poems, among which "The Winged Worshipers" and "The Family Meeting" are best remembered. His ode written in 1830 for the centennial celebration of the settlement of Boston attracted much favorable comment.

Notes and Questions.

What does the first paragraph tell you?
What can you tell of the Indians' worship of the Great Spirit?
How does the author account for the supremacy of the white men over the Indians?
How does he account for the degeneracy of the Indians?
How does the author say the Indians will live in the future of this country?
What does he hope these songs will express?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"smoke of peace" "sacred orb" "rude virtues"
"tables of stone" "mighty tide"

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

FELICIA HEMANS.

1

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

2

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

3

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

4

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;—

They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

5

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

6

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

7

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;—
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

8

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth:
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

9

What sought they thus afar?—
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

10

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trode.
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: Mrs. Felicia Hemans, 1793-1835, an English poet, was born in Liverpool. She is best known by her short poems, among which this is one of the most popular. She was buried in St. Anne's Church, Dublin.

Notes and Questions.

What picture do the first two stanzas give you?
What does the author mean by "a band of exiles"?
How does a conqueror come?
How did these early settlers come?
What does the fourth stanza tell you?
What does "the sounding aisles of the dim woods" mean?
What different kinds of persons composed the pilgrim band?
Account for their coming to this new country.
Why does the poet say "holy ground"?
What legacy have they left us?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"hung dark"
"stirring drums"
"pilgrim band"
"spoils of war"

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke, and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in read-

justment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship, or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one could wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback.

Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day.

His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within-doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.

For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: Thomas Jefferson, 1743-1826, was a native of Virginia. He was Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, Vice-President and President. He wrote the Declaration of Independence and was the founder of the University of Virginia. He was a fine scholar, a good violinist, a skillful horseman and an accurate marksman with a rifle. His influence was clearly felt in the framing of the Constitution, though he was in France at that time. His speeches were sound in policy and clear in statement.

Notes and Questions.

What qualities made Washington a successful general?

What does the author say is the strongest feature of his character?

Tell about the personal appearance of Washington.

What can you say of his conversational powers?

What were Washington's chief public services?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"judiciously"
"prudence"
"copiousness of ideas"
"fluency of words"
"arduous war"
"scrupulously"

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation which sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon

it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only LIGHT, and every fold significant of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated

over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: Henry Ward Beecher, 1813-1887, was a native of Connecticut and a son of the well-known Lyman Beecher. He was a graduate of Amherst College and of Lane Theological Seminary. For forty years he was pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn. He was one of the greatest orators of his time.

Notes and Questions.

What does the author say may be seen in a nation's flag by thoughtful people?
Of what is the American flag a symbol?
With what is our flag compared in the third paragraph?
Is the comparison a good one?
What is it to "stand by the Stars and Stripes"?
Why should Americans love their flag?
How can one show his respect for the flag?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"insignia" "pining" "Montezumas"
"errand" "effulgent" "luminous"

NOLAN'S SPEECH.

For your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream, but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand terrors. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to deal with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE STORY OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

(1296-1305.)

Biographical and Historical: Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He spent most of his childhood on his grandfather's farm at Sandy-Knowe. He soon became familiar with all the ballads and legends of that part of Scotland, and these, with Bishop Percy's collection of ballads which he read later, exerted a strong influence on his life.

In 1802 he published two volumes of his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." For about ten years he continued to write poems and then began the series of prose fiction known as the "Waverley Novels." The "Tales of a Grandfather" were written for his grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, whom he calls Hugh Littlejohn. The extracts here given are selections from these tales, arranged so as to make a connected story. Sir Walter Scott died in 1832 and was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

William Wallace was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman, called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, near Paisley. He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men that ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous in the use of all weapons which were then employed in battle. Wallace, like all Scotsmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolences which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen. It is said, that when he was very young, he went a-fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr. He had caught a good many trouts, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing-basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came

up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trouts, but he refused to part with the whole basketful. The soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the but-end of his fishing-rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of the slain man's sword, he fought with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English governor of Ayr sought for him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten.

But the action which occasioned his finally rising in arms, is believed to have happened in the town of Lanark. Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and residing there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment, with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up and insulted him on account of his finery, saying a Scotsman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon. It soon came to a quarrel, and Wallace, having killed the Englishman fled to his own house which was speedily assaulted by all the English soldiers. While they were endeavoring to force their way in at the front of the house, Wallace escaped by a back-door, and got in safety to a rugged and rocky glen, near Lanark, called the Cartland Crags, all covered with bushes and trees, and full of high precipices, where he knew he should be safe from the pursuit of the English soldiers. In the meantime, the governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, burned Wallace's house, and put his wife and servants to death; and by committing this cruelty, increased to the highest pitch, as you may well believe, the hatred which the champion had always borne against the English usurper. Hazelrigg also proclaimed Wallace an outlaw, and offered a reward

to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

On the other hand, Wallace soon collected a body of men, outlawed like himself, or willing to become so, rather than any longer endure the oppression of the English. One of his earliest expeditions was directed against Hazelrigg, whom he killed, and thus avenged the death of his wife. He fought skirmishes with the soldiers who were sent against him, and often defeated them; and in time became so well known and so formidable, that multitudes began to resort to his standard, until at length he was at the head of a considerable army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence.

Thus Wallace's party grew daily stronger and stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined with him. Among these was Sir William Douglas, the Lord of Douglasdale, and the head of a great family often mentioned in Scottish history. There was also Sir John the Grahame, who became Wallace's bosom friend and greatest confidant. Many of these great noblemen, however, deserted the cause of the country on the approach of John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, the English governor, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army. They thought that Wallace would be unable to withstand the attack of so many disciplined soldiers and hastened to submit themselves to the English, for fear of losing their estates. Wallace, however, remained undismayed, and at the head of a considerable army. He had taken up his camp upon the northern side of the river Forth, near the town of Stirling. The river was there crossed by a long wooden bridge, about a mile above the spot where the present bridge is situated.

The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they should lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

"Go back to Warenne," said Wallace, "and tell him we value

not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating for peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on;—we defy them to their very beards!"

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. The Earl of Surrey hesitated, for he was a skilful soldier, and he saw that to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow wooden bridge; so that those who should get over first might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham the Treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight, and put an end to the war at once; and Surrey gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van, or foremost division of the army; for, in those military days, even clergymen wore armor and fought in battle. That took place which Surrey had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge, without offering any opposition; but when about one-half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged those who had crossed with his whole strength, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The remainder of the English army, who were left on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle.

The remains of Surrey's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat, and the Scots, taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to

shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem. Many wonderful stories are told of Wallace's exploits on these occasions, some of which are no doubt true, while others are either invented or very much exaggerated. It seems certain, however, that he defeated the English in several combats, chased them almost entirely out of Scotland, regained the towns and castles of which they had possessed themselves, and recovered for a time the complete freedom of the country.

Edward I. was in Flanders when all these events took place. You may suppose he was very angry when he learned that Scotland, which he thought completely subdued, had risen into a great insurrection against him, defeated his armies, killed his Treasurer, chased his soldiers out of their country, and invaded England with a great force. He came back from Flanders in a mighty rage, and determined not to leave that rebellious country until it was finally conquered, for which purpose he assembled a very fine army and marched into Scotland.

In the meantime the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be Governor, or Protector of the kingdom, because they had no King at the time. He was now titled Sir William Wallace, Protector, or Governor, of the Scottish nation. But although Wallace, as we have seen, was the best soldier and bravest man in Scotland, and therefore the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the King of England was coming against them with such great forces, yet the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation, because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate. So great was their jealousy of Sir William Wallace, that many of these great barons did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or fight against the English, because they would not have a man of inferior condition to be general. Yet, notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army; for the middling, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched boldly against

the King of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk. Most of the Scottish army were on foot, because, as I already told you, in those days only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback. The English King, on the contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all clothed in complete armor. He had also the celebrated archers of England, each of whom was said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under his girdle; because every archer had twelve arrows stuck in his belt, and was expected to kill a man with every arrow.

The Scots had some good archers from the Forest of Ettrick, who fought under command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. The greater part of the Scottish army were on foot, armed with long spears; they were placed thick and close together, and laid all their spears so close, point over point, that it seemed as difficult to break through them, as through the wall of a strong castle.

The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks, and undaunted appearance, of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could not ride them down with his fine cavalry. He therefore gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged accordingly, at full gallop.

The first line of cavalry was commanded by the Earl Marshal of England, whose progress was checked by a morass. The second line of English horse was commanded by Antony Beck, the Bishop of Durham, who, nevertheless, wore armor, and fought like a lay baron. He wheeled round the morass; but when he saw the deep and firm order of the Scots, his heart failed, and he proposed to Sir Ralph Basset of Drayton, who commanded under him, to halt till Edward himself brought up the reserve. "Go say your mass, Bishop," answered Basset contemptuously, and advanced at full gallop with the second line. However, the Scots stood their ground with their long spears; many of the foremost of the English horses were thrown down, and the riders

were killed as they lay rolling, unable to rise, owing to the weight of their heavy armor. The English cavalry attempted again and again to disperse the deep and solid ranks in which Wallace had stationed his foot soldiers. But they were repeatedly beaten off with loss, nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians. King Edward then commanded his archers to advance; and these approaching within arrow-shot of the Scottish ranks poured on them such close and dreadful volleys of arrows, that it was impossible to sustain the discharge. It happened at the same time, that Sir John Stewart was killed by a fall from his horse; and the archers of Ettrick Forest, whom he was bringing forward to oppose those of King Edward, were slain in great numbers around him. Their bodies were afterward distinguished among the slain, as being the tallest and handsomest men of the army.

The Scottish spearmen being thus thrown into some degree of confusion, by the loss of those who were slain by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged with more success than formerly, and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers; and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take to flight.

The King of England possessed so much wealth, and so many means of raising soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor oppressed country of Scotland, and obliged all its nobles and great men, one after another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Sir William Wallace, alone, or with a very small band of followers, refused either to acknowledge the usurper Edward, or to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after his defeat at Falkirk, and for more than one year after all the other defenders of Scottish liberty had laid down their arms. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the English, and a great reward

was set upon his head; for Edward did not think he could have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived. At length he was taken prisoner; and, shame it is to say, a Scotsman, called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English.

Edward, having thus obtained possession of the person whom he considered as the greatest obstacle to his complete conquest of Scotland, resolved to make Wallace an example to all Scottish patriots who should in future venture to oppose his ambitious projects. He caused this gallant defender of his country to be brought to trial in Westminster-hall, before the English judges, and produced him there, crowned in mockery, with a green garland, because they said he had been king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. Wallace was accused of having been a traitor to the English crown; to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was then charged with having taken and burnt towns and castles, with having killed many men and done much violence. He replied, with the same calm resolution, "that it was true he had killed very many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to subdue and oppress his native country of Scotland; and far from repenting what he had done, he declared he was only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them."

Notwithstanding that Wallace's defence was a good one, both in law and in common sense (for surely every one has not only a right to fight in defence of his native country, but is bound in duty to do so), the English judges condemned him to be executed.

ROBERT THE BRUCE.

(1305-1313.)

ROBERT BRUCE, Earl of Carrick, and John Comyn, usually called the Red Comyn, two great and powerful barons, had taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against England; but, after the defeat of Falkirk, being fearful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper. But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct, are said, by the old tradition of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident. In one of the numerous battles, or skirmishes, which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side, and the insurgent or patriotic Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies, without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotsman, who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen, who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted, that he arose from table, and, going into a neighboring chapel, shed many tears, and asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it, by doing all in his

power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly, he left, it is said, the English army, and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now, this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man; there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace; and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults, which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion, he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce posted down from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarrelled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown, or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain, that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who I told you was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of

Bruce, were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick. "I will make sicker!"—that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly, he and his companion Lindesay rushed into the church, and made the matter certain with a vengeance, by dispatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers.

This slaughter of Comyn was a rash and cruel action; and the historian of Bruce observes, that it was followed by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honor.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on the twenty-ninth of March, 1306. On the nineteenth of June, the new King was completely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, starved out of some districts, and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert, that he was obliged to separate himself from his Queen and her ladies; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his Queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. The King also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce,

to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went over to an island called Rachrin, on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men who followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was about this time that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; at

length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck, to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The King landed and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing

themselves with hunting about the island. The King, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out, that yonder was the King, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country in spite of all that had yet happened.

When King Edward the First heard that Scotland was again in arms against him, he marched down to the borders with many threats of what he would do to avenge himself on Bruce and his party, whom he called rebels.

Other great lords, besides Douglas, were now exerting themselves to attack and destroy the English. Amongst those was Sir Thomas Randolph, whose mother was a sister of King Robert. He had joined with the Bruce when he first took up arms. Afterwards being made prisoner by the English, when the King was defeated at Methven, Sir Thomas Randolph was obliged to join the English to save his life. He remained so constant to them, that he was in company with Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn, when they forced the Bruce to disperse his little band; and he followed the pursuit so close, that he made his uncle's standard-bearer prisoner, and took his banner. Afterwards, however, he was himself made prisoner, at a solitary house on Lyne-water, by the Good Lord James Douglas, who brought him captive to the King. Robert reproached his nephew for having deserted his cause; and Randolph, who was very hot-tempered, answered insolently, and

was sent by King Robert to prison. Shortly after, the uncle and nephew were reconciled, and Sir Thomas Randolph, created Earl of Murray by the King, was ever afterwards one of Bruce's best supporters. There was a sort of rivalry between Douglas and him, which should do the boldest and most hazardous actions. I will just mention one or two circumstances, which will show you what awful dangers were to be encountered by these brave men, in order to free Scotland from its enemies and invaders.

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country, and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained, with its strong castle, in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous to gain this important place; but, as you well know, the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph, that in his youth he had lived in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady, who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see her, he had practised a way of clambering by night down the castle rock on the south side, and returning at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same reason, no watch was placed there. Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner, that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well, that he would undertake to guide a small

party of men by night to the bottom of the wall; and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was, that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before them, upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while, these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them, merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he had no other mean-

ing in what he did and said) passed on without farther examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken in March, 1312-13.

It was not, however, only by the exertions of great and powerful barons, like Randolph and Douglas, that the freedom of Scotland was to be accomplished. The stout yeomanry, and the bold peasantry of the land, who were as desirous to enjoy their cottages in honorable independence as the nobles were to reclaim their castles and estates from the English, contributed their full share in the efforts which were made to deliver the country from the invaders. I will give you one instance among many.

There was a strong castle near Linlithgow, or Lithgow, as the word is more generally pronounced, where an English governor, with a powerful garrison, lay in readiness to support the English cause, and used to exercise much severity upon the Scots in the neighborhood. There lived at no great distance from this stronghold, a farmer, a bold and stout man, whose name was Binnock, or, as it is now pronounced, Binning. This man saw with great joy the progress which the Scots were making in recovering their country from the English, and resolved to do something to help his countrymen, by getting possession, if it were possible, of the Castle of Lithgow. But the place was very strong, situated by the side of a lake, defended not only by gates, which were usually kept shut against strangers, but also by a portcullis. A portcullis

is a sort of door formed of cross-bars of iron, like a grate. It has not hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go in a moment, and then falls down into the doorway; and as it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon; thus in case of a sudden alarm, a portcullis may be let suddenly fall to defend the entrance, when it is not possible to shut the gates. Binnock knew this very well, but he resolved to be provided against this risk also when he attempted to surprise the castle. So he spoke with some bold, courageous countrymen, and engaged them in his enterprise, which he accomplished thus:

Binnock had been accustomed to supply the garrison of Linlithgow with hay, and he had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cart-loads, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly; but the night before he drove the hay to the castle, he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear him cry a signal, which was to be,—"Call all, call all!" Then he loaded a great wagon with hay. But in the wagon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hay, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the wagon; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong axe or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchman, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had gotten under the gateway, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who with his axe suddently cut asunder the *soam,* that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses finding themselves free,

naturally started forward, the cart remaining behind. At the same moment, Binnock cried, as loud as he could, "Call all, call all!" and drawing the sword, which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway, and prevented the folding-doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught on the cart, and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate, hearing the cry, "Call all, call all," ran to assist those who had leaped out from amongst the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Robert rewarded Binnock by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed.

The English now possessed scarcely any place of importance in Scotland, excepting Stirling, which was besieged, or rather blockaded, by Edward Bruce, the King's brother. To blockade a town or castle, is to quarter an army around it, so as to prevent those within from getting provisions. This was done by the Scots before Stirling, till Sir Philip Mowbray, who commanded the castle, finding that he was like to be reduced to extremity for want of provisions, made an agreement with Edward Bruce that he would surrender the place, provided he were not relieved by the King of England before midsummer. Sir Edward agreed to these terms, and allowed Mowbray to go to London, to tell King Edward of the conditions he had made. But when King Robert heard what his brother had done, he thought it was too great a risk, since it obliged him to venture a battle with the full strength of Edward the Second, who had under him England, Ireland, Wales, and great part of France, and could within the time allowed assemble a much more powerful army than the Scots could, even if all Scotland were fully under the King's authority. Sir Edward answered his brother with his naturally audacious spirit, "Let Edward

bring every man he has, we will fight them, were they more." The King admired his courage, though it was mingled with rashness.—"Since it is so, brother," he said, "we will manfully abide battle, and assemble all who love us, and value the freedom of Scotland, to come with all the men they have, and help us to oppose King Edward, should he come with his army to rescue Stirling."

PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

(1314.)

When Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London, to tell the King, that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out, it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward the First had made, to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the French provinces which the King of England possessed in France—many Irish, many Welsh—and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparations which the King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then, Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him, were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The King, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength.

He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, who were better trained than any others in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose, he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with water-courses, while the Scots occupied hard dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes, about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook, called Bannockburn, which are so rocky, that no troops could attack them there. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterwards, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' hill, that is, the Servants' hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory, or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the King posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the

Church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succors from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then dispatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information, that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the twenty-third of June (1314) the King of Scotland heard the news, that the English army were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the King to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant, that Randolph had lost some honor, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave of the King to go and assist him. The King refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you,"

said Douglas to the King, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done; especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the King of the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armor, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-axe made of steel.

The next morning, being the twenty-fourth of June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks bare-footed, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English King ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together, that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk, and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce,

as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise, from the weight of their armor. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish King, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the King till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the King, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of Argentine! Argentine! he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

Edward first fled to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, reminded the

fugitive sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day, so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry.

Douglas and Abernethy continued the chase, not giving King Edward time to alight from horseback even for an instant, and followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend, in the governor, Patrick Earl of March. The Earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue, as they had done for nearly twenty years, to send armies into that country to overcome it. On the contrary, they became for a time scarce able to defend their own frontiers against King Robert and his soldiers.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condition of an exile, hunted with bloodhounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest kings who then lived. The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the situation of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws, and subject to its own princes; and although the country was, after the Bruce's death, often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English, and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scots themselves, yet they never

afterwards lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which King Robert had recovered, not less by his wisdom than by his weapons. And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots should be remembered with honor and gratitude.

THE EXPLOITS OF DOUGLAS AND RANDOLPH.

(1315-1330.)

Robert Bruce continued to reign gloriously for several years, and was so constantly victorious over the English, that the Scots seemed during his government to have acquired a complete superiority over their neighbors. But then we must remember, that Edward the Second, who then reigned in England, was a foolish prince, and listened to bad counsels; so that it is no wonder that he was beaten by so wise and experienced a general as Robert Bruce, who had fought his way to the crown through so many disasters, and acquired in consequence so much renown, that, as I have often said, he was generally accounted one of the best soldiers and wisest sovereigns of his time.

In the last year of Robert the Bruce's reign, he became extremely sickly and infirm, chiefly owing to a disorder called the leprosy, which he had caught during the hardships and misfortunes of his youth, when he was so frequently obliged to hide himself in woods and morasses, without a roof to shelter him. While Bruce was in this feeble state, Edward the Second, King of England, died, and was succeeded by his son Edward the Third. He turned out afterwards to be one of the wisest and bravest kings whom England ever had; but when he first mounted the throne he was very young, and under the entire management of his mother.

The war between the English and the Scots still lasting at

the time, Bruce sent his two great commanders, the Good Lord James Douglas, and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, to lay waste the counties of Northumberland and Durham, and distress the English as much as they could.

Their soldiers were about twenty thousand in number, all lightly armed, and mounted on horses that were but small in height, but excessively active. The men themselves carried no provision, except a bag of oatmeal; and each had at his saddle a small plate of iron called a girdle, on which, when they pleased, they could bake the oatmeal into cakes. They killed the cattle of the English, as they travelled through the country, roasted the flesh on wooden spits, or boiled it in the skins of the animals themselves, putting in a little water with the beef, to prevent the fire from burning the hide to pieces. This was rough cookery. They made their shoes, or rather sandals, in as coarse a way; cutting them out of the raw hides of the cattle, and fitting them to their ankles, like what are now called short gaiters. As this sort of buskin had the hairy side of the hide outermost, the English called those who wore them *rough-footed* Scots, and sometimes, from the color of the hide, *red-shanks*.

As such forces needed to carry nothing with them, either for provisions or ammunition, the Scots moved with amazing speed, from mountain to mountain, and from glen to glen, pillaging and destroying the country wheresoever they came. In the meanwhile, the young King of England pursued them with a much larger army; but, as it was encumbered by the necessity of carrying provisions in great quantities, and by the slow motions of men in heavy armor, they could not come up with the Scots, although they saw every day the smoke of the houses and villages which they were burning. The King of England was extremely angry; for, though only a boy sixteen years old he longed to fight the Scots, and to chastise them for the mischief they were doing to his country; and at length he

grew so impatient, that he offered a large reward to any one who would show him where the Scottish army were.

At length, after the English host had suffered severe hardships, from want of provisions, and fatiguing journeys through fords, and swamps, and morasses, a gentleman named Rokeby came into the camp, and claimed the reward which the King had offered. He told the King that he had been made prisoner by the Scots, and that they said they should be as glad to meet the English King as he to see them. Accordingly, Rokeby guided the English army to the place where the Scots lay encamped.

But the English King was no nearer to the battle which he desired; for Douglas and Randolph, knowing the force and numbers of the English army, had taken up their camp on a steep hill, at the bottom of which ran a deep river, called the Wear, having a channel filled with large stones, so that there was no possibility for the English to attack the Scots without crossing the water, and then climbing up the steep hill in the very face of their enemy; a risk which was too great to be attempted.

Then the King sent a message of defiance to the Scottish generals, inviting them either to draw back their forces, and allow him freedom to cross the river, and time to place his army in order of battle on the other side, that they might fight fairly, or offering, if they liked it better, to permit them to cross over to his side without opposition, that they might join battle on a fair field. Randolph and Douglas did nothing but laugh at this message. They said, that when they fought, it should be at their own pleasure, and not because the King of England chose to ask for a battle. They reminded him, insultingly, how they had been in his country for many days, burning, taking spoil, and doing what they thought fit. If the King was displeased with this, they said, he must find his way across the river to fight them, the best way he could.

The English King, determined not to quit sight of the

Scots, encamped on the opposite side of the river to watch their motions, thinking that want of provisions would oblige them to quit their strong position on the mountains. But the Scots once more showed Edward their dexterity in marching, by leaving their encampment, and taking up another post, even stronger and more difficult to approach than the first which they had occupied. King Edward followed, and again encamped opposite to his dexterous and troublesome enemies, desirous to bring them to a battle, when he might hope to gain an easy victory, having more than double the number of the Scottish army, all troops of the very best quality.

While the armies lay thus opposed to each other, Douglas resolved to give the young King of England a lesson in the art of war. At the dead of night, he left the Scottish camp with a small body of chosen horse, not above two hundred, well armed. He crossed the river in deep silence, and came to the English camp, which was but carelessly guarded. Seeing this, Douglas rode past the English sentinels as if he had been an officer of the English army, saying—"Ha, Saint George! you keep bad watch here."—In those days, you must know, the English used to swear by Saint George, as the Scots did by Saint Andrew. Presently after, Douglas heard an English soldier, who lay stretched by the fire, say to his comrade, "I cannot tell what is to happen to us in this place; but, for my part, I have a great fear of the Black Douglas playing us some trick."

"You shall have cause to say so," said Douglas to himself.

When he had thus got into the midst of the English camp without being discovered, he drew his sword, and cut asunder the ropes of a tent, calling out his usual war-cry, "Douglas, Douglas! English thieves, you are all dead men." His followers immediately began to cut down and overturn the tents, cutting and stabbing the English soldiers as they endeavored to get to arms.

Douglas forced his way to the pavilion of the King him-

self, and very nearly carried the young prince prisoner out of the middle of his great army. Edward's chaplain, however, and many of his household, stood to arms bravely in his defence, while the young King escaped by creeping away beneath the canvas of his tent. The chaplain and several of the King's officers were slain; but the whole camp was now alarmed and in arms, so that Douglas was obliged to retreat, which he did by bursting through the English at the side of the camp opposite to that by which he had entered. Being separated from his men in the confusion, he was in great danger of being slain by an Englishman who encountered him with a huge club. This man he killed, but with considerable difficulty; and then blowing his horn to collect his soldiers, who soon gathered around him, he returned to the Scottish camp, having sustained very little loss.

Edward, much mortified at the insult which he had received, became still more desirous of chastising those audacious adversaries; and one of them at least was not unwilling to afford him an opportunity of revenge. This was Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray. He asked Douglas, when he returned to the Scottish camp, "What he had done?"—"We have drawn some blood."—"Ah," said the Earl, "had we gone all together to the night attack, we should have discomfited them."—"It might well have been so," said Douglas, "but the risk would have been too great."—"Then will we fight them in open battle," said Randolph, "for if we remain here, we shall in time be famished for want of provisions."—"Not so," replied Douglas; "we will deal with this great army of the English as the fox did with the fisherman in the fable."—"And how was that?" said the Earl of Murray.—Hereupon the Douglas told him this story:—

"A fisherman," he said, "had made a hut by a river side, that he might follow his occupation of fishing. Now, one night he had gone out to look after his nets, leaving a small fire in his hut; and when he came back, behold there was a fox in the cabin, taking the liberty to eat one of the finest salmon he

had taken. 'Ho, Mr. Robber!' said the fisherman, drawing his sword, and standing in the doorway to prevent the fox's escape, 'you shall presently die the death.' The poor fox looked for some hole to get out at, but saw none; whereupon he pulled down with his teeth a mantle, which was lying on the bed, and dragged it across the fire. The fisherman ran to snatch his mantle from the fire—the fox flew out at the door with the salmon; and so," said Douglas, "shall we escape the great English army by subtlety, and without risking battle with so large a force."

Randolph agreed to act by Douglas's counsel, and the Scottish army kindled great fires through their encampment, and made a noise and shouting, and blowing of horns, as if they meant to remain all night there, as before. But in the meantime, Douglas had caused a road to be made through two miles of a great morass which lay in their rear. This was done by cutting down to the bottom of the bog, and filling the trench with faggots of wood. Without this contrivance it would have been impossible that the army could have crossed; and through this passage, which the English never suspected, Douglas and Randolph, and all their men, moved at the dead of night. They did not leave so much as an errand-boy behind, and so bent their march towards Scotland, leaving the English disappointed and affronted. Great was their wonder in the morning, when they saw the Scottish camp empty, and found no living man in it, but two or three English prisoners tied to trees, whom they had left with an insulting message to the King of England, saying, "If he were displeased with what they had done, he might come and revenge himself in Scotland."

After this a peace was concluded with Robert Bruce, on terms highly honorable to Scotland; for the English King renounced all pretensions to the sovereignty of the country, and, moreover, gave his sister, a princess called Joanna, to be wife to Robert Bruce's son, called David. This treaty was very advantageous to the Scots. It was called the treaty of

Northampton, because it was concluded at that town, in the year 1328.

Good King Robert did not long survive this joyful event. He was not aged more than four-and-fifty years, but, as I said before, his bad health was caused by the hardships which he sustained during his youth, and at length he became very ill. Finding that he could not recover, he assembled around his bedside the nobles and counsellors in whom he most trusted. He told them, that now, being on his death-bed, he sorely repented all his misdeeds, and particularly, that he had, in his passion, killed Comyn with his own hand, in the church and before the altar. He said that if he had lived, he had intended to go to Jerusalem, to make war upon the Saracens who held the Holy Land, as some expiation for the evil deeds he had done. The king soon afterwards expired and his body was laid in the sepulchre in the midst of the church of Dunfermline, under a marble stone. But the church becoming afterwards ruinous, and the roof falling down with age, the monument was broken to pieces, and nobody could tell where it stood. But six or seven years ago, when they were repairing the church at Dunfermline, and removing the rubbish, lo! they found fragments of the marble tomb of Robert Bruce. Then they began to dig farther, thinking to discover the body of this celebrated monarch; and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, as he was known to have been buried in a winding sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton. So orders were sent from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully, until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with profound respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common people in the neighborhood; and as the church could not hold half the numbers, the people were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the

richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy.

It is more than five hundred years since the body of Bruce was first laid into the tomb; and how many, many millions of men have died since that time. It was a great thing to see that the wisdom, courage, and patriotism of a King, could preserve him for such a long time in the memory of the people over whom he once reigned. But then, my dear child, you must remember, that it is only desirable to be remembered for praiseworthy and patriotic actions, such as those of Robert Bruce. It would be better for a prince to be forgotten like the meanest peasant, than to be recollected for actions of tyranny or oppression.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

The Story of Sir William Wallace.

What traits were most prominent in the character of William Wallace?

Why does Scott call Wallace the "champion of Scotland"?

What title did the Scots give Wallace?

Why were so many of the nobility unwilling to support him?

What was the result of the encounter between the English and the Scots at Falkirk?

What defense did Wallace make when brought to trial?

Robert the Bruce.

When had Robert Bruce submitted to the English?

What was his reason for doing this?

What qualities did he possess which fitted him for leadership?

Mention some occasions on which Bruce showed his skill as a general.

How did a spider help Bruce?

What did Robert Bruce think of the terms his brother made with the English commander at Stirling?

Read Robert's decision in regard to these terms.

What do you most admire in this answer?

The Battle of Bannockburn.

How did Bruce show his skill as a general in preparing for this battle?

How did the two armies compare?

In what did the Scots have the advantage over the English?

What was the immediate result of the battle?

Why is this an important battle in history?

What weapons were used in this battle?

The Exploits of Douglas and Randolph.

How were the Scottish soldiers equipped at this time?

What great advantage did this equipment give them?

What part did the Scottish peasantry take in the struggle for independence?

When was peace made between Robert Bruce and the King of England?

What were the terms of the treaty?

CALEDONIA.[1]

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill;
By Yarrow's[2] streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick[2] break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot[2] Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

[1] A poetical name for Scotland. [2] Rivers in Scotland.

TO A SKYLARK

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!
Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What do you learn from this poem about the skylark?
Read the line that tells you where the skylark's nest is found.
Read the lines that tell you of the skylark's gift of song.
Read parts of this poem that you like best.

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"Ethereal minstrel" "despise the earth" "composed"
"pilgrim of the sky" "wings aspire" "soar"

THE THROSTLE.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

1

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

2

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

3

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

4

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical and Historical: Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892, was poet laureate of England, succeeding Wordsworth. He was born in Lincolnshire and studied at Trinity College, Cambridge. He lived a quiet life and devoted himself to poetry, in which he excelled in beauty of expression and choice of words. One of his longer poems is "The Idylls of the King."

The song-thrush or throstle is found in most parts of England. Its song is rich, mellow and sustained. The throstle begins to sing in the early spring and continues until late in autumn. This is the bird of which Robert Browning says,

> "He sings each song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture!"

Notes and Questions.

Read the lines in the first stanza which represent the song of the throstle.

Read the line which gives Tennyson's answer to the bird.

Why does he call the bird a poet?

What words in the second stanza represent the bird's song?

Find the bird's song in the third stanza. In the fourth.

Which seems to you most like the song of a bird?
Find a line which shows that the time was early spring.
What do the words "madly" and "crazy" tell you about the song?
Did Tennyson share the little bird's hope at first? What lines give you the answer?
What do the last two lines show that the bird did for the poet?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"prophet"
"unchidden"
"under the blue"
"unbidden"

TO THE CUCKOO.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1

O blithe newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

2

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

3

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

4

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me

No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

5

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

6

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen!

7

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

8

O blesséd bird! the earth we pace,
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: William Wordsworth, 1770-1850, was born in the beautiful Cumberland Highlands of northern England, which furnished the inspiration for most of his poetry and where his life was largely lived. His father and mother died when he was a mere boy. After a course at Cambridge, where he and Coleridge became friends, he located in the northern part of England, known as the Lake Region. His poems deal with humble life and are expressed in simple yet beautiful language.

Notes and Questions.

To whom is this poem addressed? To whom does "I" refer?
Why does the poet call the cuckoo "a wandering Voice"?
What is meant by "twofold shout"?
To what does the poet refer when he says "a tale of visionary hours"?
What does the fourth stanza tell?
Why does the poet say "even yet"?
To what habit of the cuckoo does this poem call attention?
Mention names given the cuckoo by Wordsworth in this poem.
In the seventh stanza what "golden time" is meant?
In the last stanza to whom does "we" refer? Why does the poet say "again"?
Why does the poet say a "fairy place" is a fit home for the cuckoo?
What parts of this poem do you like best?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"babbling" "a mystery" "on the green"
"invisible thing" "unsubstantial"

THE SANDPIPER.

CELIA THAXTER.

1

Across the lonely beach we flit
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry,
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

2

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;

Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
  Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
  I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
  One little sandpiper and I.

3

I watch him as he skims along,
  Uttering his sweet and mournful cry:
He starts not at my fitful song,
  Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
  He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
  The little sandpiper and I.

4

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
  When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
  To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
  The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
  Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: Celia Thaxter, 1835-1894, whose father was a light-house keeper on one of the rocky isles known as the "Isles of Shoals," off the coast of New Hampshire, had the ocean for her companion in her early years. She studied the sunrise and the sunset, the wild-flowers, the birds, the rocks, and all sea life. This selection shows how intimate was her friendship with the bird life of the ocean, and how her life was linked with that of the little sea bird. She wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* when Lowell was its editor.

Notes and Questions.

The poet and the sandpiper were comrades. Read the words and phrases in the first stanza which tell you this.

Is this effect produced by description or by picture?

What lines give you a picture with which to illustrate this poem?

What common experiences did the poet and the bird have?

From hints in the first three stanzas give a description of the sandpiper and his habits, by a quotation from the poem.

Note the repetition of the second line of the poem at the end of the first and second stanzas and its variations at the end of the third and fourth stanzas. What is the effect of these repetitions and variations?

Read the lines that express confidence in God's care for His children.

What classes of "God's children" do "little sandpiper" and "I," respectively, represent?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"reach their hands"
"close-reefed"
"misty shrouds"
"wroth"

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

1

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell,
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter, that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.

2

I love to see him track the street
With his wary eye and active feet;
And I often watch him, as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.

3

'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.

4

When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer,
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast;
Then, drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

5

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd, like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And, daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,

Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

6

I would that, on such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved)
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And, never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical and Historical: Nathaniel Parker Willis, 1806-1867, was a native of Portland, Maine, and a graduate of Yale College. He was born one year earlier than Longfellow, and lived most of his life in New York City, being one of a small group of writers known as "The Knickerbockers," who for many years made New York the literary center of the country. His father, the Rev. Nathaniel Willis, established in Boston *The Youth's Companion*. "The Belfry Pigeon," is one of his best selections. "Old South" is the name of a church in Boston, in which public meetings were held at the time of the Revolutionary War. It is now used as a museum of historic collections.

Notes and Questions.

Why did this bird become the hero of this poem?

Find the lines that rhyme in each stanza.

What does the first stanza tell you of the habits of the pigeon?

What do you learn about the bird from the second stanza?

Why does the poet say "track the street"?

What four names does the poet give to the sound of the bell? Explain each.

What does the third stanza tell you?

What does the fourth stanza add to the story?

How do the fifth and sixth stanzas differ from the others?

Explain: "A hermit in the crowd."
What comparison is made in the fifth stanza?
Read again the last stanza of The Sandpiper and compare it with the last stanza of this poem. Which do you like the better? Why?
Do you like this poem? What stanza do you like best?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"out and in" "dismiss the world" "throngs on beneath"
"wary eye" "broods" "lapped in quiet"
"easy wings" "unstirred" "bide my time"
"wood and glen" "filmed"
"unwilling feet" "weary heart upfold"

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*

1

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee!"

2

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

* For Biography see page 247.

Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee!"

3

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee!"

4

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee!"

5

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight,
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee!"

6

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee!"

7

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air.
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee!"

8

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee!"

HELPS TO STUDY.

Historical: The male bob-o'-link moults in midsummer, taking on a "plain brown" plumage like that of his "Quaker wife." In the

spring he regains his black and buff colors without moulting any feathers. He sings only in the spring.

Notes and Questions.

How is the name of Robert of Lincoln made from bob-o'-link?
Compare the dress of Robert of Lincoln with that of his "Quaker wife"?
How does their song differ?
What boasts does Bryant think Robert of Lincoln makes?
What is the work which makes him sober?
What is the care which makes him silent?
How does Bryant account for the change in his appearance as the season advances?
Where does Robert of Lincoln go for the winter?
Read the lines which imitate the song of the bob-o'-link.

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"brier"
"prince of braggarts"
"mead"
"humdrum crone"

THE BIRDS' ORCHESTRA.

CELIA THAXTER.

Bobolink shall play the violin,
  Great applause to win;
Lonely, sweet, and sad, the meadow-lark
  Plays the oboe. Hark!
Yellow-bird the clarionet shall play,
  Blithe, and clear, and gay.
Purple-finch what instrument will suit?
  He can play the flute.
Fire-winged blackbirds sound the merry fife,
  Soldiers without strife;
And the robins wind the mellow horn
  Loudly, eve and morn.
Who shall clash the cymbals? Jay and crow,
  That is all they know;
And, to roll the deep melodious drum,
  Lo! the bull-frogs come.

Then the splendid chorus! Who shall sing
Of so fine a thing?
Who the names of the performers call
Truly, one and all?

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What instruments compose the birds' orchestra?
What are "fire-winged" blackbirds?
Why does the poet say jay and crow are assigned to the cymbals?
Do you think Celia Thaxter knew intimately these birds? Give reasons.
Do you think the chorus would be pleasing?
Do you like this poem? Why?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"blithe" "melodious" "orchestra"
"strife" "splendid"

VIOLET! SWEET VIOLET.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

1

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

* For Biography see page 251.

2

Loved-one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
And I see,
Tearfully,
All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.

3

Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown colored like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?

4

Out on it! no foolish pining
For the sky
Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining;
Like thee let this soul of mine
Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping — but divine.
Violet! dear violet!
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of him who sent thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all that nature meant thee!

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

How does the poet in the first stanza account for the violet's eyes being "full of tears"?

To the poet what does the violet represent?

What comparison is made in the second stanza?

How does Lowell account for the color of the violet?

What change in the poet's feeling is noted in the fourth stanza?

Whence does the poet say his soul must "take hue"?

How does the poet in the last lines of the poem account for the violet's eyes being "full of tears"?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"pining"
"self-stayed"
"serene"
"fulfilling sense"

SWEET PEAS.

JOHN KEATS.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger a while upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ringdove's cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows: blades of grass
Slowly across the chequered shadows pass.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: John Keats, 1795-1821, was the son of a London stablekeeper. He lived at the time of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley and Leigh Hunt, from whom he gathered inspiration. He had a passion

for beauty which found expression in all his poetry. On account of failing health he went to Rome in 1820, where he died the year following.

Notes and Questions.

What are the wings of the sweet pea?
What are the taper fingers?
Read the words which describe a simple bridge.
What words used by the poet in preceding lines prepare you for the perfect stillness of the moving water?
What picture do the words "on tiptoe for flight" give you?
What other pictures do you get from the poem?
In what are these pictures in the poem alike?
Which one do you like best?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"o'erhanging sallows" "chequer'd shadows" "rushy banks" "ringdove's cooings"

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

On Turning One Down with the Plow.

ROBERT BURNS.

1

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

2

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

3

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

4

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

5

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

6

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

7

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

8

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: Robert Burns, 1759-1796, was a Scottish poet. His life was short and filled with poverty and hardship, but he saw beauty in the common things of life and had a heart full of sympathy. He wrote this poem at a time when he was in great trouble. His farm was turning out badly, the soil was sour and wet, his crops were failures and he saw nothing but ruin before him.

Notes and Questions.

When does the daisy first bloom?
Read the lines which tell you.
Who does Burns say is the daisy's neighbor?
What reason has he for saying this?
How does the lark greet the "purpling east"?
What comparison does the poet make between the garden flowers and the daisy?
What is the "share" mentioned in the fifth stanza?
Who is addressed in the last stanza?
To what is ruin compared?
What traits of character would you expect to find in a man who could feel toward a little flower as Burns felt?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"bitter-biting north" "bield"=shelter "histie"=dry, barren
"humble guise" "companion meet" "weet"=wet
"stoure"=dust "parent-earth"

TO THE DANDELION.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, — thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

2

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'T is the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

3

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,

His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

4

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass, —
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways, —
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, — of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, — and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

5

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

6

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What stanzas express the poet's love for the dandelion?

To what historical fact do the first two lines of the second stanza refer? Does this statement seem to you extravagant? How does the poet justify it?

What stanzas tell us why the dandelion is so dear to the poet? Where must he have lived to have learned what he tells us in these stanzas? Read the lines which tell you in what period of his life this occurred.

What things are described in stanza four?

What in stanza five?

What comparison occurs in stanza four? Does it appeal to you as apt and beautiful?

Did you ever gaze up at the blue sky and drifting, fleecy clouds? Does the poet describe these well?

What does the robin's song become to the listening child? Why so to the child more than to the man? Read lines that answer this question.

What duty and what truth does nature teach through the dandelion?

Which stanza do you like best?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"Thou art my tropics and mine Italy."

"buccaneers"

"harmless gold"

"largess"

"Eldorado"

"Sybaris"

"at God's value"

"golden-cuirassed bee"

"untainted ears"

"happy peers"

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

2

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.

3

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

4

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

5

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

To whom is this poem addressed?
At what time of the year does the fringed gentian bloom? What words tell you?
Read the words that tell the color of the gentian.
When does it open? What words does the poet use to mean early morning?
Why does he speak of the "quiet light"?
When do violets come? In what kind of soil do they grow? What words in the poem tell you this?
Why did the poet say violets "lean"?
What does he tell you about the columbine when he says it "nods"?
What does "aged year" mean?
By what signs does the poet know winter is coming?
What does the repetition of the word "blue" in the third line of the fourth stanza add to the thought?
Of what is this color said to be the symbol?
What does the poet mean by the "cerulean wall"?
To what in his life does Bryant compare the end of the year?
What does the little flower represent in this comparison?
What part of this poem do you like best? Why?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"keen and frosty" "wandering brooks" "shortening days" "purple dressed"

THE DAFFODILS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze,

2

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

3

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

4

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What picture do you see when you read the first stanza?

To whom does "I" refer?

To what does the poet compare himself? Is the comparison a good one?

Why does the poet use the word "host" when he has already spoken of a "crowd"?

What comparison is in the second stanza? Why is it so beautiful and appropriate?

What peculiar fitness has the word "sprightly"?

Quote the lines that particularly express life and gaiety.

In this stanza why does Wordsworth say a "poet"? Why not any person?

What was the "wealth" the show had brought? Quote the lines that tell this.

What does the last stanza mean to you?
Which stanza do you like best? Why?

What kind of man do you think Wordsworth was from what you find in this poem?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"vacant mood" "pensive mood" "inward eye" "bliss of solitude"

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

MARY HOWITT.

1

God might have made the earth bring forth
  Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
  Without a flower at all.
He might have made enough, enough
  For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
  And yet have made no flowers.

2

The ore within the mountain mine
  Requireth none to grow;
Nor does it need the lotus flower
  To make the river flow.
The clouds might give abundant rain,
  The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
  Might yet have drunk them all.

3

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
  All dyed with rainbow light,

All fashioned with supremest grace,
  Upspringing day and night,—
Springing in valleys green and low,
  And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
  Where no man passes by?

4

Our outward life requires them not,
  Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
  To beautify the earth;
To comfort man, to whisper hope
  Whene'er his faith is dim;
For Whoso careth for the flowers
  Will much more care for him.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: Mary Howitt, 1804-1888, was an English poet who wrote especially for children. She died at Rome. Her stories were popular and this poem is one of her best.

Notes and Questions.

What does the first stanza tell you? The second?

Why does the poet repeat "enough" in the first stanza?

What does the poet say are the uses of flowers?

Read the line that tells how varied are the colors in flowers.

Read the line that tells their beauty of form.

Which stanza tells in what various places flowers grow?

Why does the poet say flowers "whisper hope" to man?

Why does the poet use the word "whisper"?

Do you like this poem? Why?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"luxury" "lotus flower" "herb that keepeth life in man"
"toil" "outward life"

CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

LEIGH HUNT.

1

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers;
Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith;
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath.
All who see us love us.
We befit all places.
Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces, graces.

2

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence;
In silence build our bowers;
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh atop sweet flowers.

3

See and scorn all duller
Taste how Heaven loves color!
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green!
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flashing hues made solely to be seen;
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers;
And what a red mouth has her rose, the woman of her flowers!

4

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Fainteth us, the teachers of the end of use.
Travelers, weary-eyed,
Bless us far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden truce.
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian vaunting.

5

Sagest yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether man or may-fly profits of the balm.
As fairy fingers healed
Knights of the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
E'en the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

6

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey-maker,
What a house hath he by the thymy glen!
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
Till his gold-cups overflow to the mouths of men!
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops like tickled flowers with flowers.

7

See those tops, how beauteous!
What fair service duteous

Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine?
Elfin court 'twould seem,
And taught, perchance, that dream
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt upon nights divine;
To expound such wonder,
Human speech avails not,
Yet there dies no poorest weed that such a glory exhales not.

8

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say;
Then think in what bright showers
We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May.
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying, as enchanted.

9

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach and roughest nut were blossoms in the spring.
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell
And dances in the bloomy thicks with darksome antheming.
Beneath the very burden
Of planet-pressing ocean
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace, a thought for meek devotion.

10

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love without them can fancy—or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there,

And came not down, that Love might bring one piece of heaven the more?

Oh! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Historical: The "Nine" refers to the Muses, patronesses of poetry and music, whose lord is Apollo, and who assembled on Mount Parnassus, or Mount Helicon, to hold their learned discussions on poetry, science or music.

Notes and Questions.

Find the lines which rhyme in each stanza?
Which is the odd line?
What does the first stanza tell you? The second? The third?
Why does the poet say that flowers are "uselessness divinest"?
Why does he say they are "of a use the finest"?
For what purpose are flowers painted in "a thousand flashing hues"?
Why does the poet speak of travelers as "weary-eyed"?
Why does the poet say travelers "Bless us far and wide"?
What things are compared in the last lines of stanza four?
What uses of flowers are pointed out in stanza five?
Point out the comparison in the sixth stanza.
In stanza seven what is compared with the "Nine" muses?
What lesson do the sea-weeds teach? Read the lines that tell you.
What possible source and use of flowers are pointed out in stanza ten?
Do you like this poem? Why?
Which stanza do you like best?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"graces" "flashing hues" "darksome antheming"
"pipe" "sickliest planting" "planet-pressing ocean"
"bowers" "Amazonian plains" "blue dominions"
"laugh atop" "comes pell-mell" " 'twixt their golden pinions"
"leaf by leaf"

THE FROST SPIRIT.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.*

1

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

2

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — from the frozen Labrador, —
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er, —
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

3

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — on the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

4

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — and the quiet lake shall feel

* For Biography see page 252.

The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

5

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that fire-light dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

Why in this poem does Whittier personify "The Frost Spirit"?
How can one "trace his footsteps" on woods and fields and hills?
What does the first stanza tell? The second? The third? The fourth?
Find Labrador on your map.
What is "the icy bridge of the Northern seas"?
What are "the luckless forms below"?
Why does the poet say "In the sunless cold of the lingering night"?
Locate the pine region of Norway and the volcano of Hecla.
Account for the poet's use of "torpid" and "glazing" in the fourth stanza.
What is "the shriek of the baffled Fiend"?
How does the last stanza differ from the others?
What do you think was the poet's purpose in writing this poem?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"blasted fields" "unscorched wing" "baffled Fiend"
"withered brow" "fires of Hecla" "sounding wing"
"fearful breath" "leaning grass"

THE FROST.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

1

The Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

2

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

3

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the morning light were seen
Most beautiful things! — there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities and temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silvery sheen!

4

But he did one thing that was hardly fair, —
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare.
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"And this costly pitcher I'll burst in three!
And the glass of water they've left for me,
Shall 'tchick' to tell them I'm drinking."

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: Hannah F. Gould, 1789-1865, was an American poet, born at Lancaster, Massachusetts. In 1800 she went with her parents to Newburyport, Mass., where she lived the remainder of her life. She wrote "Hymns and Poems for Children," which contain many beautiful selections.

Notes and Questions.

Why in this poem does the author personify The Frost?

What characteristic is ascribed to the Frost in the first stanza?

To what does the second stanza relate? The third? The fourth?

Point out the meaning of the following:

"powdered its crest"

"their boughs he dressed with diamonds and pearls"

"spread a coat of mail"

"point of many a spear hung on its margin"

Read the line which tells what kind of a night to expect frost?

Which stanza do you like best? Why?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"blustering train" "glittering point" "silvery sheen"
"bustle and noise in vain" "bevies of birds" "quivering lake"

SNOW-FLAKES.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1

Out of the bosom of the Air,
  Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare
  Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
    Silent, and soft, and slow
    Descends the snow.

2

Even as our cloudy fancies take
  Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
  In the white countenance confession,
    The troubled sky reveals
    The grief it feels.

3

This is the poem of the air,
  Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
  Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
    Now whispered and revealed
    To wood and field.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

Why is a capital used in "Air"?
To what does "her" refer in the second line?
What do the first two lines of the poem tell you? The next two? The next two?
Why does the poet say "harvest fields forsaken"?
What two comparisons are made in the second stanza?
How does the troubled heart make confession in the countenance?
What is "the poem of the air"?
What are the "silent syllables"?
What is "whispered and revealed"?
What does the last line of the poem tell you?
Which stanza do you like best? Why?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"cloud-folds" "cloudy fancies" "cloudy bosom" "secret of despair"

THE SNOW STORM.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.*

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit.
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art

* For Biography see page 250.

To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

A small island in the Aegean Sea called Paros is composed of a single mountain famous in ancient times for its white marble called Parian marble.

Which of the pictures in the first ten lines do you like best?

What are the "trumpets of the sky"?

How was the household affected by the storm?

By what was the tumult caused?

What is an artificer?

Who is meant by the "fierce artificer"?

What is the "tile" with which the poet imagines the "unseen quarry" is furnished?

Of what are the "white bastions" made?

What does the use of the word "windward" add to the picture?

Does such a detail add to the beauty of the poem, or does it detract from it?

Who is described as "myriad-handed"? Why?

What is the mockery in hanging "Parian wreaths" on a coop or kennel?

What are these "Parian wreaths" in the poem?

Explain how the world has become "all his (the north wind's) own."

What does the "mad wind's night-work" do for art?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"maugre" "slow structures" "invests"
"courier" "frolic architecture" "mimic"
"Parian" "radiant" "hours are numbered"
"tumultuous privacy" "masonry"

MIDWINTER.

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE.

1

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hilltop, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

2

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down on angel's wings.

3

I watch the snow flakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple boughs and each
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

4

On turf and curb and bower roof
The snowstorm spreads its ivory woof;
It paves with pearl the garden walk;
And lovingly round tattered stalk
And shivering stem its magic weaves
A mantle fair as lily leaves.

5

The hooded beehive, small and low,
Stands like a maiden in the snow;
And an old door slab is half hid
Under an alabaster lid.

6

All day it snows: the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn,
And clustering spangles lodge and shine
In the dark tresses of the pine.

7

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;
In surplice white the cedar stands,
And blesses him with priestly hands.

8

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree:
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird;
And heavenly thoughts as soft and white
As snowflakes on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruised part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What does the poet mean by "silvery veil" and "flickering curtains"?

Which of the above descriptions do you like the better?

What comparison does the poet make in the second stanza? In the fourth?

What does the poet say in the fourth stanza the snowstorm does?

Why does the poet say "A muffled wizard of the wood"?
Explain the sixth stanza.
What fitness is there in the descriptions of these various objects?
What does Trowbridge mean by "the inmost ear"?
What do the "heavenly thoughts" suggested by the scene do for the poet?
Which stanza do you like best?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"ivory woof" "shivering stem" "dark tresses"
"paves with pearl" "alabaster lid" "ragged bramble"
"tattered stalk" "clustering spangles" "transfigured"

SONGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

1

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

2

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Biographical: William Shakespeare, 1564-1616, was the greatest English poet, and was one of the greatest poets the world has ever known. He wrote for all times and all peoples. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, where fifty-two years later he died. At the age of twenty-two he removed to London, where for twenty years he wrote poems and plays, was an actor, and later a shareholder in the theater. The last ten years of his life he spent quietly at Stratford. Americans in visiting England invariably go to "the Shakespeare country."

This beautiful song is taken from the comedy "As You Like It."

Notes and Questions.

Read the line which seems to you most like the song of a bird.

What does the song say must be given up by those who would live "under the greenwood tree"?

What will they gain in return?

What people are supposed to live such a life as this?

What would the world lose if men thought only of ease and pleasure?

HARK, HARK, THE LARK.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

HELPS TO STUDY.

This exquisite song is from "Cymbeline," one of Shakespeare's comedies.

Phoebus Apollo was the god of the sun. He, only, could drive the "flaming car of day," the chariot of the sun.

Notes and Questions.

Mary-buds=marigold buds **lies=Old English idiom.**

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"heaven's gate" **"chaliced flowers"**

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE.

1

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

2

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

HELPS TO STUDY.

This beautiful song is found in the historical play "King Henry VIII." Queen Katharine says to one of her attendants,

"My soul grows sad with troubles:
Sing and disperse them if thou canst."

The maiden takes her lute, and to its accompaniment, sings this song.

Orpheus, a son of Apollo, became the most famous of musicians. Men and beasts were softened by his music. Trees crowded around him and even rocks lost some of their hardness when he played.

Notes and Questions.

What is meant by a "lasting spring"?

What word would be supplied after "as" in the fifth line of the first stanza if this were prose?

Read the lines which show why the attendant chose this song to sing to the Queen.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands;
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!

HELPS TO STUDY.

This song occurs in the comedy, "The Tempest." Ariel, an "airy spirit," has taken the form of a sea-nymph and is calling from the shore of the island to the sea-nymphs, the "sweet sprites" of the song.

The poet here gives us an idea of the ceremonies which opened certain dances in his time.

Notes and Questions.

What things mentioned in the song show that the singer is on the sea-shore?

What was the first movement of the dance?

What was the second movement?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"courtesied"

"foot it featly"

"burthen"—the song to which a dance is danced when there are no instruments.

"whist"—quiet

"kiss'd"

"The wild waves whist"—calmed the waves by kissing.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough floor, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

HELPS TO STUDY.

This is the song of the fairy, from "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Orbs are fairy rings—supposed to be made by fairies in their dances. They are really caused by the growth of certain fungi.

Queen Elizabeth's favorite attendants were called "pensioners." They were tall, handsome men, and wore spotted gold coats. The height of the cowslip (tall to the fairy), and its color carry out the comparison.

Thorough=through.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

1

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho, sing, heigh-ho, unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly,
This life is most jolly.

2

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho, sing, heigh-ho, unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly,
This life is most jolly.

HELPS TO STUDY.

This song occurs in the comedy "As You Like It."

Notes and Questions.

Why is the thought of the green holly appropriate in connection with the winter wind?

What feeling does ingratitude arouse?

How do you think the poet felt when he wrote the first lines of the song?

What change do you notice after the sixth line?

What do you think caused the change?

Read the lines in the second stanza which show that the poet did not really think that "life is most jolly."

What lines in the song explain his distrust of friendship?

What word in the first stanza is explained by the third line in the second stanza?

What word in the first stanza gives the same thought as the second line in the second stanza?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"feigning"
"folly"
"warp"

An old Saxon proverb said, "Winter shall warp water."

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL.

1

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

2

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

HELPS TO STUDY.

This song is found in the comedy "Love's Labour's Lost," and is the second part of a song of four stanzas. The first and second stanzas are descriptive of spring and introduce the song of the cuckoo. The third and fourth stanzas are given here.

Notes and Questions.

Is city life or country life described in these lines?
What does the use of the names, Dick, Tom, Joan and Marian add to the poem?
For what were the logs used?
What is the song of the owl?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"parson's saw" "keel the pot" "staring owl"
"brooding in the snow"

PART II

KING ARTHUR STORIES

Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, "I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

PART II.

KING ARTHUR STORIES

INTRODUCTION

Among the earliest delights of every boy or girl are the fairy tales and hero legends that have been told and re-told for countless ages and which for old or young never lose their charm. Every people has its collections of these old stories, dim memories of its infancy, which reflect its own early life. Such stories live because the people treasure them and demand to hear them again and again. A warlike people, for instance, will thus preserve stories of fighting heroes and cruel monsters; the far northern peoples will have myths of storm-gods, heroes who battle with frost-kings, and mist-giants; while the pastoral peoples of the south give us benign deities who dwell in majesty on purple mountain heights, and their heroes after death are translated to starry heavens.

The ancient Britons, looking out from their peaceful little island with its rich plains and beautiful mountains and protecting seas, and wondering about the great unknown world beyond, pictured a fairy realm like to the world about them, only transfigured and filled with enchanted cities, fairy forests, miraculous fountains, and peopled by friendly fairies and magicians. About the beginning of our Christian era the Romans came among them for a time, teaching them obedience to law and respect for justice. The severity of the Roman rule was tempered by the teaching of the missionaries who soon followed, proclaiming the higher kingdom of the spirit wherein peace and love and mercy should reign forever. Then came barbarian hordes from over the North Sea, rudely dispelling these happy visions. But even out of this peaceful people

strong leaders rose to resist the invaders. Among these, the name of Arthur stands prominent. Historians are generally agreed a chieftain of this name actually lived about the close of the fifth or the beginning of the sixth century. Some say he was from the north, some from the south of England. There may have been two or more leaders bearing this common name and in the course of time the stories about them may have become confused into one, as we know happened in the case of the great Charles of France. Like Charlemagne, too, Arthur became not only the great national hero, but also the champion of Christianity against heathen strangers. He is said to have united the scattered British clans and to have defeated the Saxons in twelve great battles. But at last he was slain in battle, some say treacherously. Then his people, finally reduced to a little remnant and beaten back to their mountain fastnesses in the west made terms of peace.

In their days of distress many of the Britons had fled across the Channel and settled among their kindred, the Bretons of northern France. From here Welsh bards with their harps wandered throughout all Christendom, singing the glories of Arthur. As he and their lost homeland receded in time and distance, all became eventually blended with the fairy realm of their old happy dream-life. Arthur was no longer dead to them, but waiting in his enchanted palace in Camelot, the mystical city, now of earth, now hovering in the clouds, its walls and gleaming towers vanishing and re-appearing like a vision at the touch of Merlin's magic wand. When chivalry was at its height, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, the strolling minstrels took up the legend, adapting it to the ideals of the times and to the tastes of their audiences in court and castle and marketplace. Arthur became now a great king surrounded at his "Table Round" with valiant knights who, under vows of purity and holiness went forth in daily quest of noble deeds. Early in the twelfth century the legends were carried back to England. A Welsh priest, Geoffrey of Monmouth, gave a form to these legends

which became widely popular, and later from this version and others, Sir Thomas Malory wrote his story, "Le Morte D'Arthur." In 1485, William Caxton, the first English printer, "to please many noble gentlemen" and because he himself was a lover of chivalry, printed Sir Thomas's story, which in this form has become the chief source of modern poets who have written on this theme. Among these, the English poet, Tennyson, in his beautiful "Idylls of the King" has told the story of Arthur and his knights.

Besides the many versions of the Arthurian legend scattered through many lands, there exist many other evidences of its popularity and of the reverence paid to its hero. In Glastonbury, England, a tomb, said to be that of Arthur, is preserved. In Edinburgh, a high hill overlooking the city is known as Arthur's seat; and at Winchester may still be seen the Round Table. In far off Austria, at Innsbruck, the most splendid of the ten bronze statues of ancestors guarding the tomb of Emperor Maximilian is that of Arthur. But above all questions as to the historical evidences of the real Arthur is the fact that around the person of their legendary Arthur that poetic and gifted people, the ancient Britons, has centered the story of its own brave life, interwoven with ideals of heroism and duty as high and pure as its own spirit, and truer than things of time and place, because, being of the spirit, they are like it, eternal.

In the following pages, Books I and IV are taken, with minor changes, from Beatrice Clay's "Stories of King Arthur and the Round Table," Books II and III, with slight modifications, from Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte D'Arthur."

lā môrt dür' ther

BOOK I.

THE COMING OF ARTHUR

CHAPTER I.

OF THE BIRTH OF ARTHUR AND HOW HE BECAME KING.

Long years ago, there ruled over Britain a king called Uther Pendragon. A mighty prince was he, and feared by all men; yet, when he sought the love of the fair Igraine of Cornwall, she would have naught to do with him, so that, from grief and disappointment, Uther fell sick, and at last seemed like to die.

Now in those days, there lived a famous magician named Merlin, so powerful that he could change his form at will, or even make himself invisible; nor was there any place so remote but that he could reach it at once, merely by wishing himself there. One day, suddenly he stood at Uther's bedside, and said:

"Sir King, I know thy grief, and am ready to help thee. Only promise to give me, at his birth, the son that shall be born to thee, and thou shalt have thy heart's desire."

To this the king agreed joyfully, and Merlin kept his word: for he gave Uther the form of one whom Igraine had loved dearly, and so she took him willingly for her husband.

When the time had come that a child should be born to the King and Queen, Merlin appeared before Uther to remind him of his promise; and Uther swore it should be as he had said. Three days later, a prince was born and, with pomp and ceremony, was christened by the name of Arthur; but immediately thereafter, the King commanded that the child should be carried to the postern-gate, there to be given to the old man who would be found waiting without.

Not long after, Uther fell sick, and he knew that his end was come; so, by Merlin's advice, he called together his knights and barons and said to them:

ū'ther pĕn drăg'on mer'lin ĭg rāne'

"My death draws near. I charge you, therefore, that ye obey my son even as ye have obeyed me; and my curse upon him if he claim not the crown when he is a man grown."

Then the King turned his face to the wall and died.

Scarcely was Uther laid in his grave before disputes arose. Few of the nobles had seen Arthur or even heard of him, and not one of them would have been willing to be ruled by a child; rather, each thought himself fitted to be king, and, strengthening his own castle, made war on his neighbors until confusion alone was supreme, and the poor groaned because there was none to help them.

Now when Merlin carried away Arthur—for Merlin was the old man who had stood at the postern-gate—he had known all that would happen, and had taken the child to keep him safe from the fierce barons until he should be of age to rule wisely and well, and perform all the wonders prophesied of him. He gave the child to the care of the good knight Sir Ector to bring him up with his son Kay, but revealed not to him that it was the son of Uther Pendragon that was given into his charge.

At last, when years had passed and Arthur was grown a tall youth well skilled in knightly exercises, Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and advised him that he should call together at Christmas-time all the chief men of the realm to the great cathedral in London.

"For," said Merlin, "there shall be seen a great marvel by which it shall be made clear to all men who is the lawful King of this land." The Archbishop did as Merlin counselled. Under pain of a fearful curse, he bade barons and knights come to London to keep the feast, and to pray heaven to send peace to the realm.

The people hastened to obey the Archbishop's commands and, from all sides, barons and knights came riding in to keep the birth-feast of our Lord. And when they had prayed, and were coming forth from the cathedral, they saw a strange sight.

ĕk'tor

There, in the open space before the church, stood, on a great stone, an anvil thrust through with a sword; and on the stone were written these words:

"Whoso can draw forth this sword, is rightful King of Britain born."

At once there were fierce quarrels, each man clamoring to be the first to try his fortune, none doubting his own success. Then the Archbishop decreed that each should make the venture in turn, from the greatest baron to the least knight; and each in turn, having put forth his utmost strength, failed to move the sword one inch, and drew back ashamed. So the Archbishop dismissed the company, and having appointed guards to watch over the stone, sent messengers through all the land to give word of great jousts to be held in London at Easter, when each knight could give proof of his skill and courage, and try whether the adventure of the sword was for him.

Among those who rode to London at Easter was the good Sir Ector, and with him his son, Sir Kay, newly made a knight, and the young Arthur. When the morning came that the jousts should begin, Sir Kay and Arthur mounted their horses and set out for the lists; but before they reached the field, Kay looked and saw that he had left his sword behind. Immediately Arthur turned back to fetch it for him, only to find the house fast shut, for all were gone to view the tournament. Sore vexed was Arthur, fearing lest his brother Kay should lose his chance of gaining glory, till, of a sudden, he bethought him of the sword in the great anvil before the cathedral. Thither he rode with all speed, and the guards having deserted their posts to view the tournament, there was none to forbid him the adventure. He leaped from his horse, seized the hilt, and instantly drew forth the sword as easily as from a scabbard; then, mounting his horse and thinking no marvel of what he had done, he rode after his brother and handed him the weapon.

When Kay looked at it, he saw at once that it was the

jŭsts

wondrous sword from the stone. In great joy he sought his father, and showing it to him, said:

"Then must I be King of Britain."

But Sir Ector bade him say how he came by the sword, and when Sir Kay told how Arthur had brought it to him, Sir Ector bent his knee to the boy and said:

"Sir, I perceive that ye are my King, and here I tender you my homage"; and Kay did as his father. Then the three sought the Archbishop, to whom they related all that had happened; and he, much marvelling called the people together to the great stone, and bade Arthur thrust back the sword and draw it forth again in the presence of all, which he did with ease. But an angry murmur arose from the barons, who cried that what a boy could do, a man could do; so, at the Archbishop's word, the sword was put back, and each man, whether baron or knight, tried in his turn to draw it forth, and failed. Then, for the third time, Arthur drew forth the sword. Immediately there arose from the people a great shout:

"Arthur is King! Arthur is King! We will have no King but Arthur"; and, though the great barons scowled and threatened, they fell on their knees before him while the Archbishop placed the crown upon his head, and swore to obey him faithfully as their lord and sovereign.

Thus Arthur was made King; and to all he did justice, righting wrongs and giving to all their dues. Nor was he forgetful of those that had been his friends; for Kay, whom he loved as a brother, he made seneschal and chief of his household, and to Sir Ector, his foster father, he gave broad lands.

CHAPTER II.

HOW KING ARTHUR TOOK A WIFE, AND OF THE TABLE ROUND.

Thus Arthur was made King, but he had to fight for his own; for eleven great kings drew together and refused to acknowledge him as their lord, and chief amongst the rebels

was King Lot of Orkney, who had married Arthur's sister, Bellicent.

By Merlin's advice, Arthur sent for help overseas, to Ban and Bors, the two great Kings who ruled in Gaul. With their aid, he overthrew his foes in a fierce battle near the river Trent; and then he passed with them into their own lands and helped them drive out their enemies. So there was ever great friendship between Arthur and the Kings Ban and Bors, and all their kindred; and afterwards some of the most famous Knights of the Round Table were of that kin.

Then King Arthur set himself to restore order throughout his kingdom. To all who would submit and amend their evil ways, he showed kindness; but those who persisted in oppression and wrong he removed, putting in their places others who would deal justly with the people. And because the land had become overrun with forest during the days of misrule, he cut roads through the thickets, that no longer wild beasts and men, fiercer than the beasts, should lurk in their gloom, to the harm of the weak and defenseless. Thus it came to pass that soon the peasant ploughed his fields in safety, and where had been wastes, men dwelt again in peace and prosperity.

Amongst the lesser kings whom Arthur helped to rebuild their towns and restore order, was King Leodogran, of Cameliard. Now Leodogran had one fair child, his daughter Guinevere; and from the time that first he saw her, Arthur gave her all his love. So he sought counsel of Merlin, his chief adviser. Merlin heard the King sorrowfully, and he said:

"Sir King, when a man's heart is set, he may not change. Yet had it been well if ye had loved another."

So the King sent his knights to Leodogran to ask of him his daughter; and Leodogran consented, rejoicing to wed her to so good and knightly a King. With great pomp, the princess was conducted to Canterbury, and there the King met her, and

ôrk'ny	lē o'dō gran	gwīn'e ver
bell'ī cent	cam'el yard	

they two were wed by the Archbishop in the great cathedral, amid the rejoicings of the people.

On that same day did Arthur found his Order of the Round Table, the fame of which was to spread throughout Christendom and endure through all time. Now the Round Table had been made for King Uther Pendragon by Merlin, who had meant thereby to set forth plainly to all men the roundness of the earth. After Uther died, King Leodogran had possessed it; but when Arthur was wed, he sent it to him as a gift, and great was the King's joy at receiving it. One hundred and fifty knights might take their places about it, and for them Merlin made sieges or seats. One hundred and twenty-eight did Arthur knight at that great feast; thereafter, if any sieges were empty, at the high festival of Pentecost new knights were ordained to fill them, and by magic was the name of each knight found inscribed, in letters of gold, in his proper siege. One seat only long remained unoccupied, and that was the Siege Perilous. No knight might occupy it until the coming of Sir Galahad; for, without danger to his life, none might sit there who was not free from all stain of sin.

With pomp and ceremony did each knight take upon him the vows of true knighthood: *to obey the King; to show mercy to all who asked it; to defend the weak; and for no worldly gain to fight in a wrongful cause;* and all the knights rejoiced together, doing honour to Arthur and to his Queen. And all men of worship said it was merry to be under such a chieftain, that would put his person in adventure as other poor knights did. Then they rode forth to right the wrong and help the oppressed, and by their aid, the King held his realm in peace, doing justice to all.

găl′ a had

CHAPTER III.

OF THE FINDING OF EXCALIBUR.

Now when Arthur was first made King, as young knights will, he courted peril for its own sake, and often would he ride unattended by lonely forest ways, seeking the adventure that chance might send him. All unmindful was he of the ruin to his realm if mischief befell him; and even his trusty counsellors, though they grieved that he should thus imperil him, yet could not but love him the more for his hardihood.

So, on a day, he rode through the Forest Perilous where dwelt the Lady Annoure, a sorceress of great might, who used her magic powers but for the furtherance of her own desires. And as she looked from a turret window, she descried King Arthur come riding down a forest glade, and the sunbeams falling upon him made one glory of his armour and of his yellow hair. Then, as Annoure gazed upon the King, she resolved that, come what might, she would have him for her own, to dwell with her always and fulfill all her behests. And so she bade lower the drawbridge and raise the portcullis, and sallying forth accompanied by her maidens, she gave King Arthur courteous salutation, and prayed him that he would rest within her castle that day, for that she had a petition to make to him; and Arthur, doubting nothing of her good faith, suffered himself to be led within.

Then was a great feast spread, and Annoure caused the King to be seated in a chair of state at her right hand, while squires and pages served him on bended knee. So when they had feasted, the King turned to the Lady Annoure and said courteously:

"Lady, somewhat ye said of a request that ye would make. If there be aught in which I may give pleasure to you, I pray you let me know it, and I will serve you as knightly as I may."

eks kal'ĭ ber ăn'ore

"In truth," said the lady, "there is that which I would fain entreat of you, most noble knight; yet suffer, I beseech you, that first I may show you somewhat of my castle and my estate, and then will I crave a boon of your chivalry."

Then the sorceress led King Arthur from room to room of her castle, and ever each displayed greater store of beauty than the last. In some, the walls were hung with rich tapestries, in others they gleamed with precious stones; and the King marvelled what might be the petition of one that was mistress of such wealth. Lastly, Annoure brought the King out upon the battlements, and as he gazed around him, he saw that, since he had entered the castle, there had sprung up about it triple walls of defense that shut out wholly the forest from view. Then turned he to Annoure, and gravely said:

"Lady, greatly I marvel in what a simple knight may give pleasure to one that is mistress of so wondrous a castle as ye have shown me here; yet if there be aught in which I may render you knightly service, right gladly would I hear it now, for I must go forth upon my way to render service to those whose knight I am sworn."

"Nay, now, King Arthur," answered the sorceress mockingly, "ye may not deceive me! for well I know you, and that all Britain bows to your behest."

"The more reason then that I should ride forth to right wrong and succor them that, of their loyalty, render true obedience to their lord."

"Ye speak as a fool," said the sorceress; "why should one that may command be at the beck and call of every hind and slave within his realm? Nay, rest thee here with me, and I will make thee ruler of a richer land than Britain, and satisfy thy every desire."

"Lady," said the King sternly, "I will hear and judge of your petition here and now, and then will I go forth upon my way."

"Nay," said Annoure, "there needs not this harshness. I did but speak for thine advantage. Only vow thee to my service, and

there is naught that thou canst desire that thou shalt not possess. Thou shalt be lord of this fair castle and of the mighty powers that obey me. Why waste thy youth in hardship and in the service of such as shall render thee little enough again?"

Thereupon, without ever a word, the King turned him about and made for the turret stair by which he had ascended, but nowhere could he find it. Then said the sorceress, mocking him:

"Fair sir, how think ye to escape without my goodwill? See ye not the walls that guard my stronghold? And think ye that I have not servants enough to do my bidding?"

She clapped her hands and, forthwith, there appeared a company of squires who, at her command, seized the King and bore him away to a strong chamber where they locked him in.

And so the King abode that night, the prisoner of that evil sorceress, with little hope that day, when it dawned, should bring him better cheer. Yet lost he not courage, but kept watch and vigil the night through, lest the powers of evil should assail him unawares. And with the early morning light, Annoure came to visit him. More stately she seemed than the night before, more tall and more terrible; and her dress was one blaze of flashing gems so that scarce could the eye look upon her. As a queen might address a vassal, so greeted she the King, and as condescending to one of low estate, asked how he had fared that night. And the King made answer:

"I have kept vigil as behooves a knight who, knowing himself to be in the midst of danger, would bear himself meetly in any peril that should offer."

And the Lady Annoure, admiring his knightly courage, desired more earnestly even than before to win him to her will, and she said:

"Sir Arthur, I know well your courage and knightly fame, and greatly do I desire to keep you with me. Stay with me and I promise that ye shall bear sway over a wider realm than any that ye ever heard of, and I, even I, its mistress, will be at your

command. And what lose ye if ye accept my offer? Little enough; for never think that ye shall win the world from evil and men to loyalty and truth."

Then answered the King in anger: "Full well I see that thou art in league with evil and that thou but seekest to turn me from my purpose. I defy thee, foul sorceress. Do thy worst; though thou slay me, thou shalt never sway me to thy will;" and therewith, the King raised his cross-hilted sword before her. Then the lady quailed at that sight. Her heart was filled with hate, but she said:

"Go your way, proud King of a petty realm. Rule well your race of miserable mortals, since it pleases you more than to bear sway over the powers of the air. I keep you not against your will."

With these words, she passed from the chamber, and the King heard her give command to her squires to set him without her gates, give him his horse, and suffer him to go on his way.

And so it came to pass that the King found himself once more at large, and marvelled to have won so lightly to liberty. Yet knew he not the depths of treachery in the heart of Annoure; for when she found she might not prevail with the King, she bethought her how, by mortal means, she might bring the King to dishonor and death. And so, by her magic art, she caused the King to follow a path that brought him to a fountain, whereby a knight had his tent, and, for the love of adventure, held the way against all comers. Now this knight was Sir Pellinore, and at that time, he had not his equal for strength and knightly skill, nor had any been found that might stand against him. So, as the King drew nigh, Pellinore cried:

"Stay, knight, for no one passes this way except he joust with me."

"That is not a good custom," said the King; "and it were well that ye followed it no more."

"It is my custom, and I will follow it still," answered Pellinore; "if ye like it not, amend it if ye can."

pel'lĭ nōr

"I will do my endeavour," said Arthur, but, as ye see, I have no spear."

"Nay, I seek not to have you at disadvantage," replied Pellinore, and bade his squire give Arthur a spear. Then they dressed their shields, laid their lances in rest, and rushed upon each other. Now the King was wearied by his night's vigil, and the strength of Pellinore was as the strength of three men; so, at the first encounter, Arthur was unhorsed. Then said he:

"I have lost the honour on horseback, but now will I encounter thee with my sword and on foot."

"I, too, will alight," said Pellinore; "small honor to me were it if I slew thee on foot, I being horsed the while." So they encountered each other on foot, and, so fiercely they fought that they hewed off great pieces of each other's armor and the ground was dyed with their blood. But at the last, Arthur's sword broke off short at the hilt, and so he stood all defenceless before his foe.

"I have thee now," cried Pellinore; "yield thee as recreant or I will slay thee."

"That will I never," said the King, "slay me if thou canst."

Then he sprang on Pellinore, caught him by the middle, and flung him to the ground, himself falling with him. And Sir Pellinore marvelled, for never before had he encountered so bold and resolute a foe; but exerting his great strength, he rolled himself over, and so brought Arthur beneath him. Then Arthur would have perished, but at that moment Merlin stood beside him, and when Sir Pellinore would have struck off the King's head, stayed his blow, crying:

"Pellinore, if thou slayest this knight, thou puttest the whole realm in peril; for this is none other than King Arthur himself."

Then was Pellinore filled with dread, and cried:

"Better make an end of him at once; for if I suffer him to live, what hope have I of his grace, that have dealt with him so sorely?"

But before Pellinore could strike, Merlin caused a deep sleep

to come upon him; and raising King Arthur from the ground, he staunched his wounds and recovered him of his swoon.

But when the King came to himself, he saw his foe lie, still as in death, on the ground beside him; and he was grieved, and said:

"Merlin, what have ye done to this brave knight? Nay, if ye have slain him, I shall grieve my life long; for a good knight he is, bold and a fair fighter, though something wanting in knightly courtesy."

"He is in better case than ye are, Sir King, who so lightly imperil your person, and thereby your kingdom's welfare; and, as ye say, Pellinore is a stout knight, and hereafter shall he serve you well. Have no fear. He shall wake again in three hours and have suffered naught by the encounter. But for you, it were well that ye came where ye might be tended for your wounds."

"Nay," replied the King, smiling, "I may not return to my court thus weaponless; first will I find means to possess me of a sword."

"That is easily done," answered Merlin; "follow me, and I will bring you where ye shall get you a sword, the wonder of the world."

So, though his wounds pained him sore, the King followed Merlin by many a forest path and glade, until they came upon a mere, bosomed deep in the forest; and as he looked thereon, the King beheld an arm, clothed in white samite, above the surface of the lake, and in the hand was a fair sword that gleamed in the level rays of the setting sun.

"This is a great marvel," said the King, "what may it mean?"

And Merlin made answer: "Deep is this mere, so deep indeed that no man may fathom it; but in its depths, and built upon the roots of the mountains, is the palace of the Lady of the Lake. Powerful is she with a power that works ever for good, and she shall help thee in thine hour of need."

Anon the damsel herself came unto Arthur and said: "Sir

Arthur, King, yonder sword is mine and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it of you, ye shall have it."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what gift ye will ask."

Then was Arthur aware of a little skiff, half hidden among the bulrushes that fringed the lake; and leaping into the boat, without aid of oar, he was wafted out into the middle of the lake, to the place, where, out of the water, rose the arm and sword. And leaning from the skiff, he took the sword from the hand, which forthwith vanished, and immediately thereafter, the skiff bore him back to land.

Arthur drew from its scabbard the mighty sword, wondering the while at the marvel of its workmanship, for the hilt shone with the elfin light of twinkling gems—diamond and topaz and emerald, and many another whose name none knows. And as he looked on the blade, Arthur was aware of mystic writings on the one side and the other, and calling to Merlin, he bade him interpret them.

"Sir," said Merlin, "on the one side is written 'Keep me,' and on the other 'Throw me away.' "

"Then," said the King, "which does it behoove me to do?"

"Keep it," answered Merlin; "the time to cast it away is not yet come. This is the good brand Excalibur, or Cut Steel, and well shall it serve you. But what think ye of the scabbard?"

"A fair cover for so good a sword," answered Arthur.

"Nay, it is more than that," said Merlin, "for so long as ye keep it, though ye be wounded never so sore, yet ye shall not bleed to death." And when he heard that, the King marvelled the more.

Then they journeyed back to Caerleon, where the knights made great joy of the return of their lord. And presently, thither came Sir Pellinore, craving pardon of the King, who made but jest of his own misadventure. And afterwards Sir Pellinore became of the Round Table, a knight vowed, not only to deeds of hardihood, but also to gentleness and courtesy; and

faithfully he served the King, fighting ever to maintain justice and put down wrong, and to defend the weak from the oppressor.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What was the condition of the people of Britain when Arthur became king?

Why did the great barons oppose Arthur?

What reforms did Arthur institute?

Read the lines which tell of one immediate effect of these reforms.

What was the Round Table?

Read the lines which tell of the vows made by the knights.

Compare these lines of prose with the following lines from Tennyson.

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King.
. . . . . .
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity."

What did the knights promise first?

What reason can you give why Arthur should have put this first?

What reason did Arthur give the sorceress for not wishing to remain longer in her castle?

Find a word in this speech which explains Arthur's life.

How did Arthur spend the night in the prison?

What did the sorceress tell him he could never do?

What was Arthur's answer?

Read lines which show Arthur's generosity toward a foe.

What virtues did Sir Pellinore acquire when he became a knight of the Round Table?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"days of misrule"	"vassal"	"crave a boon"
"trusty counsellors"	"samite"	"homage"
"good faith"	"courted peril"	"seneschal"
"low estate"	"would fain entreat"	"misadventure"

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF GARETH.

CHAPTER I.

HOW BEAUMAINS CAME TO KING ARTHUR'S COURT.

King Arthur had a custom that at the feast of Pentecost he would not go to meat until he had heard or seen a great marvel. And because of that custom all manner of strange adventures came before him at that feast.

So Sir Gawain, a little before noon of the day of Pentecost, saw from a window three men on horseback and a dwarf on foot, and one of the men was higher than the other two, by a foot and a half. Then Sir Gawain went unto the king and said, "Sir, go to your meat for here at hand come strange adventures."

Right so came into the hall two men and upon their shoulders there leaned the goodliest young man and the fairest that ever they all saw, and he was tall and large and broad in the shoulders and the fairest and largest handed that ever man saw.

This young man said, "King Arthur, God bless you and all your fair fellowship. For this cause I am come hither, to pray you to give me three gifts and they shall not be unreasonably asked but you may honorably grant them me. The first gift I will ask now and the other two I will ask this day twelvemonth."

"Now ask," said Arthur, "and ye shall have your asking."

"Sir," said the young man, "this is my petition, that ye will give me meat and drink for this twelvemonth and at that day I will ask mine other two gifts."

"My fair son," said Arthur, "ask better, I counsel thee, for this is but simple asking; for my heart tells me that thou shalt prove a man of right great honor."

"Sir," said the young man, "be that as it may, I have asked that I will ask."

"Well," said the king, "ye shall have meat and drink enough;

gă′ wān

I never refused that to friend or foe. But what is thy name?"

"I cannot tell you," said the young man.

"That is strange," said the king, "that thou knowest not thy name and thou art the goodliest young man that ever I saw."

Then the king charged Sir Kay, the steward, that he should give the young man meats and drink of the best as though he were a lord's son.

"There is no need of that," said Sir Kay, "for I am sure he is of lowly birth. If he had come of gentlemen he would have asked of you horse and armor, but such as he is, so he asketh. And as he hath no name I shall name him Beaumains, that is Fair-hands, and into the kitchen I shall take him."

Then was Sir Gawain wroth and Sir Lancelot bade Sir Kay stop his mocking of the young man. But Sir Kay bade the young man sit down to meat with the boys of the kitchen and there he ate sadly. And then Sir Lancelot bade him come to his chamber and there he should have meat and drink enough. And this Sir Lancelot did of his great gentleness and courtesy. And Sir Gawain proffered him meat and drink but he refused them both and thus he was put into the kitchen.

So he endured all that twelvemonth and never displeased man nor child, but always he was meek and mild. But ever when there was any jousting of knights, that would he see if he might.

So it passed on till the feast of Pentecost. On that day there came a damsel into the hall and saluted the king and prayed for succor for her lady who was beseiged in her castle.

"Who is your lady and what is his name who hath beseiged her?" asked the king.

"Sir King," she said, "my lady's name shall ye not know from me at this time, but the tyrant that besiegeth her and destroyeth her lands is called the Red Knight of the Red Lands."

"I know him not," said the king.

"Sir," said Sir Gawain, "I know him well; men say that he

hath seven men's strength and from him I escaped once full hard with my life."

"Fair damsel," said the king, "there be knights here would do their power to rescue your lady, but because you will not tell her name, none of my knights shall go with you by my will."

Then Beaumains came before the king and said, "Sir King I have been this twelvemonth in your kitchen and now I will ask my two gifts."

"Ask," said the king.

"Sir, these shall be my two gifts, first that ye will grant me to have this adventure."

"Thou shalt have it," said the king.

"Then, sir, this is the other gift, that ye shall bid Sir Lancelot to make me knight. And I pray you let him ride after me and make me knight when I ask him."

"All this shall be done," said the king.

"Fie on thee," said the damsel, "shall I have none but one that is your kitchen boy?"

Then was she wroth and took her horse and departed.

And with that there came one to Beaumains and told him his horse and armor was come and there was the dwarf come with all things that he needed in the richest manner. So when he was armed there were few so goodly men as he was.

Then Sir Kay said all open in the hall, "I will ride after my boy of the kitchen, to see whether he will know me for his better." And as Beaumains overtook the damsel, right so came Sir Kay and said, "Beaumains, what sir, know ye not me?"

"Yea," said Beaumains, "I know you for an ungentle knight of the court and therefore beware of me."

Therewith Sir Kay put his spear in the rest and ran straight upon him and Beaumains came as fast upon him with his sword and thrust him through the side, so that Sir Kay fell down as if he were dead and Beaumains took Sir Kay's shield and spear and rode on his way.

When Sir Lancelot overtook him, he proffered Sir Lancelot

to joust and either made them ready and came together fiercely and fought for an hour and Lancelot marveled of Beaumains' strength, for he fought more like a giant than a knight. So Sir Lancelot said, "Beaumains, fight not so sore, your quarrel and mine is not so great but we may leave off."

"Truly that is truth," said Beaumains, "but it doth me good to feel your might."

"Hope ye that I may any while stand a proved knight?" said Beaumains.

"Yea," said Lancelot, "do as ye have done and I shall be your warrant."

"Then I pray you," said Beaumains, "give me the order of knighthood."

"Then must ye tell me your name," said Lancelot.

"Sir," he said, "my name is Gareth, and I am brother unto Sir Gawain."

"Ah, sir," said Lancelot, "I am more glad of you than I was, for ever me thought ye should be of great blood and that ye came not to the court for meat nor for drink."

Then Sir Lancelot gave him the order of knighthood and departed from him and came to Sir Kay and made him to be borne home upon his shield and he was healed of his wound.

But when Beaumains had overtaken the damsel, she said, "What dost thou here? Thou smellest of the kitchen, thy clothes be soiled with the grease and tallow that thou gainest in King Arthur's kitchen. Therefore, turn again, dirty kitchen boy, I know thee well, for Sir Kay named thee Beaumains."

"Damsel," said Beaumains, "say to me what ye will, I will not go from you, whatever ye say, for I have undertaken to King Arthur for to achieve your adventure and so shall I finish it to the end or I shall die therefor."

So thus as they rode in the wood, there came a man flying all that ever he might. "Whither wilt thou?" said Beaumains.

"O lord," he said, "help me, for six thieves have taken my

gā'reth

lord and bound him, so I am afraid lest they will slay him."

"Bring me thither," said Beaumains.

And so they rode together until they came where the knight was bound and then he rode unto the thieves and slew them all and unbound the knight. And the knight thanked him and prayed him to ride with him to his castle and he should reward him for his good deeds.

"Sir," said Beaumains, "I will no reward have; I was this day made knight of noble Sir Lancelot and therefore I will no reward have but God reward me. Also I must follow this damsel."

And when he came nigh her, she bade him ride from her. "For thou smellest of the kitchen," she said. Then the same knight which was rescued rode after the damsel and prayed them to lodge with him that night and so that night they had good cheer and rest.

And on the morrow the damsel and Beaumains rode on their way until they came to a great forest. And there was a river and but one passage and there were two knights to prevent their crossing. "What sayest thou," said the damsel, "wilt thou match yonder knights or turn again?"

"Nay," said Sir Beaumains, "I will not turn again if they were six more." And therewith he rushed into the water and they drew their swords and smote at each other and Sir Beaumains slew both the knights.

"Alas," said the damsel, "that a kitchen boy should have the fortune to destroy two such brave knights."

"Damsel," said Beaumains, "I care not what ye say, so that I may rescue your lady."

"If thou follow me," said the damsel, "thou art but slain, for I see all that ever thou dost is but by misadventure and not by might of thy hands."

"Well, damsel, ye may say what ye will, but wheresoever ye go, I will follow you."

So Beaumains rode with that lady till evening and ever she chid him and would not stop. And they came to a black plain

and there was a black hawthorne and thereon hung a black shield and by it stood a black spear, great and long and a great black horse covered with silk.

CHAPTER II.

HOW BEAUMAINS FOUGHT WITH THE FOUR KNIGHTS.

There sat a knight all armed in black armor and his name was the Knight of the Black Lands. And when the damsel came nigh he said, "Damsel, have ye brought this knight of King Arthur to be your champion?" "Nay, fair knight," said she, "this is but a kitchen boy that was fed in King Arthur's kitchen for alms."

"Why cometh he," said the knight, "in such array? It is shame that he beareth you company."

"Sir, I cannot be delivered of him; through mishap I saw him slay two knights at the passage of the water and other deeds he did before right marvelous and by chance."

"I marvel," said the Black Knight, "that any man that is of honor will fight with him."

"They know him not," said the damsel.

"That may be," said the knight, "but this much I shall grant you; I shall put him down upon foot and his horse and his armor he shall leave with me, for it were shame to me to do him any more harm."

When Sir Beaumains heard him say thus, he said, "Sir Knight, thou art full liberal of my horse and armor. I let thee know it cost thee nought and horse nor armor gettest thou none of mine unless thou win them with thy hands."

Then in great wrath they departed with their horses and came together as it had been thunder. When they had fought for an hour and a half the Black Knight fell down off his horse in swoon and there he died. And Beaumains armed him in his armor and took his horse and rode after the damsel.

When she saw him come nigh, she said, "Away, kitchen boy, for the smell of thy clothes grieveth me. Alas, that a kitchen boy should by mishap slay so good a knight as thou hast done."

"I warn you, fair damsel," said Beaumains, "that I will not flee away nor leave your company for all that ye can say; therefore, ride on your way, for follow you I will, whatsoever happen."

Thus as they rode together they saw a knight come driving by them all in green, both his horse and his armor, and when he came nigh the damsel, he asked her, "Is that my brother, the Black Knight, that ye have brought with you?"

"Nay, nay," she said, "this kitchen boy hath slain your brother."

"Ah! traitor," said the Green Knight, "thou shalt die for slaying of my brother."

"I defy thee," said Beaumains, "for I slew him knightly and not shamefully."

And then they ran together with all their might and fought a long while, and at last Beaumains gave the Green Knight such a buffet upon the helmet that he fell upon his knees. And then the Green Knight cried for mercy and prayed Sir Beaumains to slay him not.

"Fair knight," said the Green Knight, "save my life and I will forgive thee the death of my brother and forever be thy man and thirty knights that follow me shall forever do you service."

"Sir knight," said Beaumains, "all this availeth thee not unless this damsel speak with me for thy life." And therewith he made a motion as if to slay him.

"Let be," said the damsel, "slay him not, for if thou do thou shalt repent it."

Then Beaumains said, "Sir Knight, I release thee at this damsel's request."

And then the Green Knight kneeled down and did him homage with his sword, and he said, "Ye shall lodge with me this night

and tomorrow I shall help you through this forest." So they took their horses and rode to his manor.

And ever the damsel rebuked Beaumains and would not allow him to sit at her table. "I marvel," said the Green Knight, "why ye rebuke this noble knight as ye do, for I warn you, damsel, he is a full noble knight and I know no knight is able to match him, therefore you do great wrong to rebuke him."

And on the morrow they took their horses and rode on their way and the Green Knight said, "My lord Beaumains, I and these thirty knights shall be always at your summons both early and late."

"It is well said," said Beaumains, "when I call upon you ye must yield you unto King Arthur and all your knights."

"If ye so command us, we shall be ready at all times," said the Green Knight. So then departed the Green Knight.

So within a while they saw a town as white as any snow and the lord of the tower was in his castle and looked out at a window and saw a damsel and a knight. So he armed him hastily. And when he was on horseback, it was all red, both his horse and his armor. And when he came nigh he thought it was his brother, the Black Knight, and he cried aloud, "Brother, what do ye here?"

"Nay, nay," said the damsel, "it is not he. This is but a kitchen boy. He hath killed thy brother, the Black Knight. Also I saw thy brother the Green Knight overcome by him. Now may ye be revenged on him."

With this the knights came together with all their might and fought furiously for two hours, so that it was wonder to see that strong battle. Yet at the last, Sir Beaumains struck the Red Knight to the earth. And the Red Knight cried mercy, saying, "Noble knight, slay me not, and I shall yield me to thee with fifty knights that be at my command. And I forgive thee all thou hast done to me and the death of my brother, the Black Knight."

"All this availeth not," said Beaumains, "unless the damsel

pray me to save thy life." And therewith he made a motion as if to slay him.

"Let be," said the damsel, "slay him not, for he is a noble knight."

Then Beaumains bade the Red Knight stand up and the Red Knight prayed them to see his castle and rest there that night. And upon the morn he came before Beaumains with his three score knights and offered him his homage and service.

"I thank you," said Beaumains, "but this ye shall grant me; when I call upon you, to come before my lord King Arthur and yield you unto him to be his knight." "Sir," said the Red Knight, "I will be ready at your summons."

So Sir Beaumains departed and the damsel and ever she rode chiding him.

"Damsel," said Beaumains, "ye are uncourteous to rebuke me as ye do for I have done you good service."

"Well," said she, "right soon ye shall meet a knight who shall pay thee all thy wages, for he is the greatest of the world, except King Arthur."

And soon there was before them a city rich and fair, and between them and the city there was a fair meadow and there in were many pavilions fair to behold.

"Lo," said the damsel," yonder is a lord that owneth yonder city and his custom is when the weather is fair to joust in this meadow. And ever there be about him five hundred knights and gentlemen of arms."

"That goodly lord," said Beaumains, "would I fain see."

"Thou shalt see him time enough," said the damsel and so as she rode near she saw the pavilion where he was. "Lo," said she, "seest thou yonder pavilion that is all blue of color and the lord's name is Sir Persant, the lordliest knight that ever thou lookedst on."

"It may well be," said Beaumains, "but be he never so stout a knight, in this field I shall abide until I see him."

per'sant

"Sir," she said, "I marvel what thou art, boldly thou speakest and boldly thou hast done, that have I seen; therefore I pray thee save thyself, for thou and thy horse are weary and here I dread me sore lest ye catch some hurt. But I must tell you that Sir Persant is nothing in might unto the knight that laid the siege about my lady."

"As for that," said Sir Beaumains, "since I have come so nigh this knight, I will prove his might before I depart from him."

"O," said the damsel, "I marvel what manner of man ye be, for so shamefully did never woman treat knight as I have done you and ever courteously ye have borne it. Alas, Sir Beaumains, forgive me all that I have said or done against thee."

"With all my heart," said he, "I forgive you and now I think there is no knight living, but I am able enough for him."

When Sir Persant saw them in the field, he sent to them to know whether Beaumains came in war or in peace.

"Say to thy lord," said Beaumains, "that shall be as he pleases."

And so Sir Persant rode against him, and his armor and trappings were blue and Beaumains saw him and made him ready and their horses rushed together and they fought two hours and more. And at the last Beaumains smote Sir Persant that he fell to the earth. Then Sir Persant yielded him and asked mercy. With that came the damsel and prayed to save his life.

"I will gladly," said Beaumains, "for it were pity this noble knight should die."

"Now this shall I do to please you," said Sir Persant, "ye shall have homage of me and an hundred knights to be always at your command."

And so they went to Sir Persant's pavilion to rest that night.

And so on the morn the damsel and Sir Beaumains took their leave.

"Fair damsel," said Sir Persant, "whither are ye leading this knight?"

"Sir," she said, "this knight is going to rescue my sister, Dame Liones, who is beseiged in the Castle Perilous."

"Ah," said Sir Persant," she is besieged by the Red Knight of the Red Lands, a man that is without mercy and men say that he hath seven men's strength. He hath been well nigh two years at this siege and he prolongeth the time, hoping to have Sir Lancelot to do battle with him, or Sir Tristam, or Sir Lamorak, or Sir Gawain."

"My lord, Sir Persant," said the damsel, "I require that ye will make this gentleman knight before he fight the Red Knight."

"I will with all my heart," said Sir Persant, "if it please him to take the order of knighthood from so simple a man as I am."

"Sir," said Beaumains, "I thank you for your goodwill, but the noble knight Sir Lancelot made me knight."

"Ah," said Sir Persant, "of a more renowned knight might ye not be made knight, for of all knights he may be called chief of knighthood; and so all the world saith that betwixt three knights is knighthood divided, Sir Lancelot, Sir Tristam, and Sir Lamorak. Therefore, God speed ye well, for if ye conquer the Red Knight, ye shall be called the fourth of the world."

"Sir," said Beaumains, "I would fain be of good fame and knighthood and I will tell you both who I am. Truly then, my name is Gareth of Orkney and King Lot was my father and my mother is King Arthur's sister and Sir Gawain is my brother and Sir Agravaine and Sir Gaheris, and I am youngest of them all. And yet know not King Arthur nor Sir Gawain who I am."

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE LADY THAT WAS BESEIGED HAD WORD FROM HER SISTER.

The lady that was beseiged had word of her sister's coming by the dwarf, and how the knight had passed all the perilous passages.

"Dwarf," said the lady, "I am glad of these things. Go thou

lī'o nes tris'tam lăm'o rak

unto my sister and greet her well and commend me unto that gentle knight and pray him to eat and to drink and make him strong, and say ye that I thank him for his courtesy and goodness."

So the dwarf departed and told Sir Beaumains all as ye have heard and returned to the castle again. And there met him the Red Knight of the Red Lands and asked him where he had been.

"Sir," said the dwarf, "I have been with my lady's sister of this castle, and she hath been at King Arthur's court and brought a knight with her."

"Then I count her labor but lost, for though she had brought with her Sir Lancelot, Sir Tristam, Sir Lamorak, or Sir Gawain, I would think myself good enough for them all."

"It may well be," said the dwarf, "but this knight hath passed all the perilous passages and slain the Black Knight and won the Green Knight, the Red Knight and the Blue Knight."

"Then is he one of the four that I have named."

"He is none of those," said the dwarf.

"What is his name?" said the Red Knight.

"That will I not tell you," said the dwarf.

"I care not," said the Red Knight, "what knight so ever he be, he shall have a shameful death as many others have had."

And then Beaumains and the damsel came to a plain and saw many tents and a fair castle and there was much smoke and great noise and as they came near they saw upon great trees there hung nigh forty goodly armed knights.

"Fair sir," said the damsel, "all these knights came to this siege to rescue my sister, and when the Red Knight of the Red Lands had overcome them, he put them to this shameful death without mercy or pity."

"Truly," said Beaumains, "he useth shameful customs and it is marvel that none of the noble knights of my lord Arthur have dealt with him."

And there was nearby a sycamore tree and there hung a

horn and this Red Knight had hanged it up there, that if there came any errant knight he must blow that horn and then he will make him ready and come to him to do battle.

"Sir, I pray you," said the damsel, "blow ye not the horn till it be high noon, for his strength increaseth until noon, and at this time men say he hath seven men's strength."

"Ah, for shame, fair damsel, say ye so never more to me, for I will win honorably, or die knightly in the field."

Therewith he blew the horn so eagerly that the castle rang with the sound.

Then the Red Knight armed him hastily and all was blood red, his armor, spear and shield.

"Sir," said the damsel, "Yonder is your deadly enemy and at yonder window is my sister."

With that the Red Knight of the Red Lands called to Sir Beaumains, "Sir knight, I warn thee that for this lady I have done many strong battles."

"If thou have so done," said Beaumains, "it was but waste labor, and know, thou Red Knight of the Red Lands, I will rescue her or die."

Then Sir Beaumains bade the damsel go from him, and then they put their spears in their rests and came together with all their might.

Then they fought till it was past noon and when they had rested awhile they returned to the battle till evening, but at last Sir Beaumains smote the sword out of the Red Knight's hand and smote him on the helmet, so that he fell to the earth.

Then the Red Knight said in a loud voice, "O noble knight, I yield me to thy mercy."

But Sir Beaumains said, "I may not with honor save thy life, for the shameful deaths thou hast caused many good knights to die."

"Sir," said the Red Knight, "hold your hand and ye shall know the causes why I put them to so shameful a death."

"Say on," said Sir Beaumains.

"Sir, a lady prayed me that I would make her a promise by the faith of my knighthood that I would labor daily in arms, until I met Sir Lancelot or Sir Gawain, who, she said, had slain her brother, and this is the cause that I have put all these knights to death. And now I will tell thee that every day my strength increaseth till noon and all this time have I seven men's strength."

Then there came many earls and barons and noble knights and prayed Sir Beaumains to save his life.

"Sir," they said, "it were fairer to take homage and let him hold his lands of you than to slay him; by his death ye shall have no advantage, and his misdeeds that be done may not be undone, and therefore he shall make amends to all parties and we all will become your men and do you homage."

"Fair lords," said Beaumains, "I am loth to slay this knight, nevertheless he hath done shamefully, but insomuch all that he did was at a lady's request, I will release him upon this condition, that he go within the castle and yield him to the lady, and if she will forgive him, I will. And also when that is done, that ye go unto the court of King Arthur and there that you ask Sir Lancelot mercy and Sir Gawain, for the evil will ye have had against them."

"Sir," said the Red Knight, "all this will I do as ye command."

And so within a while the Red Knight went into the castle and promised to make amends for all that had been done against the lady. And then he departed unto the court of King Arthur and told openly how he was overcome and by whom.

Then said King Arthur and Sir Gawain, "We marvel much of what blood he is come, for he is a noble knight."

"He is come of full noble blood," said Sir Lancelot, "and as for his might and hardiness, there be but few now living so mighty as he is."

CHAPTER IV.

HOW AT THE FEAST OF PENTECOST ALL THE KNIGHTS THAT SIR GARETH HAD OVERCOME CAME AND YIELDED THEM TO KING ARTHUR.

So leave we Sir Beaumains and turn we unto King Arthur, that at the next feast of Pentecost held his feast and there came the Green Knight with fifty knights and yielded them all unto King Arthur. And so there came the Red Knight, his brother, and yielded him unto King Arthur and threescore knights with him. Also there came the Blue Knight, brother to them, with an hundred knights and yielded them unto King Arthur.

These three brethren told King Arthur how they were overcome by a knight, that a damsel had with her and called him Beaumains.

"I wonder," said the King, "what knight he is and of what lineage he is come."

So right as the king stood talking with these three brothers, there came Sir Lancelot and told the king that there was come a goodly lord and six hundred knights with him.

Then this lord saluted the king.

"Sir," he said, "my name is the Red Knight of the Red Lands, and here I am sent by a knight that is called Beaumains, for he won me in battle hand for hand."

"Ye are welcome," said the king, "for ye have long been a great foe to me and my court and now I trust to God I shall so treat you that ye shall be my friend."

"Sir, both I and these knights shall always be at your summons to do you service."

"Then I shall make thee a knight of the Table Round, but thou must be no more a murderer."

"Sir, as to that, I have promised Sir Beaumains never more to use such customs and I must go unto Sir Lancelot and to Sir Gawain and ask them forgiveness of the evil will I had unto them."

"They be here now," said the king, "before thee; now may ye say to them what ye will."

And then he kneeled down unto Sir Lancelot and to Sir Gawain and prayed for forgiveness for the enmity that he had against them.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE QUEEN OF ORKNEY CAME TO THE FEAST.

So then they went to meat and as they sat at the meat there came in the Queen of Orkney with ladies and knights, a great number. And then Sir Gawain, Sir Agravaine and Sir Gaheris arose and went to her and saluted her upon their knees and asked her blessing, for in fifteen years they had not seen her.

Then she spake to her brother, King Arthur, "Where is my young son, Sir Gareth? He was here a twelvemonth, and ye made a kitchen boy of him, which is shame to you all. Alas, where is my dear son that was my joy and my bliss?"

"O dear mother," said Sir Gawain, "I knew him not." "Nor I," said the king, "but thank God he is proved an honorable knight as any now living of his years, and I shall never be glad until I find him."

"Ah, brother," said the queen, "ye did yourself great shame when you kept my son in the kitchen."

"Fair sister," said the king, "I knew him not, nor did Sir Gawain. Also, sister, ye might have told me of his coming and then, if I had not done well to him, ye might have blamed me. For when he came to my court, he asked me three gifts and one he asked the same day; that was, that I would give him meat enough for that twelvemonth, and the other two gifts he asked that day a twelvemonth and that was that he might have the adventure for the damsel and the third was that Sir Lancelot should make him knight when he desired him. And so I granted him all his desire."

"Sir," said the queen, "I sent him to you well armed and horsed and gold and silver plenty to spend."

"It may be," said the king, "but thereof saw we none, save the day he departed from us, knights told me that there came a dwarf hither suddenly and brought him armour and a good horse, and thereat we all had marvel from whence those riches came."

"Brother," said the queen, "all that ye say I believe, but I marvel that Sir Kay did mock and scorn him and gave him that name Beaumains."

"By the grace of God," said Arthur, "he shall be found, so let all this pass and be merry, for he is proved to be a man of honor and that is my joy."

Then said Sir Gawain and his brethren to Arthur, "Sir, if ye will give us leave, we will go and seek our brother."

"Nay," said Sir Lancelot, "that shall ye not need, for by my advice the king shall send unto Dame Liones a messenger and pray that she will come to the court in all the haste that she may and then she may give you best counsel where to find him."

"That is well said of you," said the king.

So the messenger was sent forth and night and day he went until he came to the Castle Perilous. And the lady was there with her brother and Sir Gareth. When she understood the message she went to her brother and Sir Gareth and told them how King Arthur had sent for her.

"That is because of me," said Sir Gareth. "I pray you do not let them know where I am. I know my mother is there and all my brethren and they will take upon them to seek me."

So the lady departed and came to King Arthur, where she was nobly received and there she was questioned by the king. And she answered that she could not tell where Sir Gareth was. But she said to Arthur, "Sir, I will have a tournament proclaimed to take place before my castle and the proclamation shall be this; that you, my lord Arthur, shall be there and your

knights, and I will provide that my knights shall be against yours and then I am sure ye shall hear of Sir Gareth."

"That is well advised," said King Arthur, and so she departed.

When the Lady Liones returned to her home, she told what she had done and the promise she had made to King Arthur. Then Sir Gareth sent unto Sir Persant, the Blue Knight, and summoned him and his knights. Then he sent unto the Red Knight and charged him that he be ready with all his knights.

Then the Red Knight answered and said, "Sir Gareth, ye shall understand that I have been at the court of King Arthur and Sir Persant and his brethren and there we have done our homage as ye commanded us. Also, I have taken upon me with Sir Persant and his brethren to hold part against my lord, Sir Lancelot and the knights of that court. And this have I done for the love of you, my lord Sir Gareth."

"Ye have well done," said Sir Gareth, "but you must know you shall be matched with the most noble knights of the world, therefore we must provide us with good knights, wherever we may get them."

So the proclamation was made in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland and in Brittany, that men should come to the Castle Perilous and all the knights should have the choice whether to be on the one party with the knights of the castle or on the other party with King Arthur. And so there came many good knights and chose to be on the side of the castle and against King Arthur and his knights.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW KING ARTHUR WENT TO THE TOURNAMENT.

And there came with King Arthur many kings, princes, earls, barons and other noble knights. Then Sir Gareth prayed Dame Liones and the Red Knight and Sir Persant that none

should tell his name and that they should make no more of him than of the least knight that was there.

Upon the day of the tournament the heralds sounded the trumpets to call the knights to the field. After many noble knights had encountered, Sir Gareth came upon the field. All the knights that encountered him were overthrown.

"That knight is a good knight," said King Arthur.

Wherefore the king called unto him Sir Lancelot and prayed him to encounter with that knight.

"Sir," said Lancelot, "when a good knight doth so well upon some day, it is no good knight's part to prevent him from receiving honor, and therefore, as for me, this day he shall have the honor; though it lay in my power to hinder him, I would not."

Then betwixt many knights there was strong battle and marvelous deeds of arms were done. And two knights, who were brothers, assailed Sir Lancelot at once and he, as the noblest knight of the world, fought with them both, so that all men wondered at the nobility of Sir Lancelot. And then came in Sir Gareth and knew that it was Sir Lancelot that fought with the two strong knights. So Sir Gareth came with his good horse and hurled them apart and no stroke would he smite to Sir Lancelot.

Sir Lancelot saw this and thought it must be the good knight Sir Gareth and Sir Gareth rode here and there and smote on the right hand and on the left hand, so that all men said he best did his duty.

"Now go," said King Arthur unto the heralds, "and ride about him and see what manner of knight he is, for I have inquired of many knights this day that be of his party and all say they know him not."

And so a herald rode as near Sir Gareth as he could and there he saw written upon his helmet in gold, "Sir Gareth of Orkney." Then the herald cried and many heralds with him, "This is Sir Gareth of Orkney." Then all the kings and knights

pressed to behold him and ever the heralds cried, "This is Sir Gareth of Orkney, King Lot's son."

When Sir Gareth saw that he was known, then he doubled his strokes and with great difficulty made his way out of the crowd, and rode into the forest. And then fell there a thunder and rain as though heaven and earth should go together.

Sir Gareth was not a little weary for all that day he had but little rest, neither his horse nor he, and he rode in the forest until night came. And ever it lightened and thundered but at last by fortune he came to a castle.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW SIR GARETH CAME TO A CASTLE WHERE HE WAS WELL LODGED.

Then Sir Gareth rode into the courtyard of the castle and prayed the porter to let him in. The porter answered, "Thou gettest no lodging here."

"Fair sir, say not so, for I am a knight of King Arthur's, and pray the lord or the lady of this castle to give me lodging for the love of King Arthur."

Then the porter went unto the lady and told her there was a knight of King Arthur's would have lodging.

"Let him in," said the lady, "for King Arthur's sake."

Then she went up into a tower over the gate with great torch-light. When Sir Gareth saw the light he cried aloud, "Whether thou be lord or lady, giant or champion I care not, so that I may have lodging this night; and if it so be that I must fight, spare me not tomorrow when I have rested, for both I and mine horse be weary."

"Sir knight," said the lady, "thou speakest knightly and boldly, but the lord of this castle loveth not King Arthur nor his court, for my lord hath been ever against him and therefore thou were better not to come within this castle, for if thou

come in this night, then wherever thou meet my lord, thou must yield thee to him as prisoner."

"Madam," said Sir Gareth, "what is your lord's name?"

"Sir, my lord's name is the Duke de la Rowse."

"Well, madam," said Sir Gareth, "I shall promise you in whatever place I meet your lord, I shall yield me unto him and to his good grace, if I understand he will do me no harm; and if I understand that he will, I will release myself if I can with my spear and my sword."

"Ye say well," said the lady, and then she let the draw-bridge down and he rode into the hall and there he alit and his horse was led into a stable. And in the hall he unarmed him and said, "Madam, I will not go out of this hall this night and when it is daylight, whoever will fight me shall find me ready."

Then was he set unto supper and had many good dishes and so when he had supped, he rested him all night. And on the morn he took his leave and thanked the lady for her lodging and good cheer and then she asked him his name.

"Madam," he said, "truly my name is Gareth of Orkney and some men call me Beaumains."

So Sir Gareth departed and by fortune he came to a mountain and there he found a goodly knight, who said, "Abide, sir knight, and joust with me."

"What are ye called?" said Sir Gareth.

"My name is the Duke de la Rowse."

"Ah, sir, I lodged in your castle and there I made promise unto your lady that I should yield me unto you."

"Ah," said the Duke, "art thou that proud knight that offerest to fight with my knights? Make thee ready, for I will fight with you."

So they did battle together more than an hour and at last Sir Gareth smote the duke to the earth and then the duke yielded to him.

"Then must ye go," said Sir Gareth, "unto King Arthur,

dā lā rouse'

my lord, at the next feast and say that I, Sir Gareth of Orkney, sent you unto him."

"It shall be done," said the duke, "and I will do homage to you and a hundred knights with me, and all the days of my life do you service wherever you command me."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW SIR GARETH AND SIR GAWAIN FOUGHT EACH AGAINST OTHER.

So the duke departed and Sir Gareth stood there alone and then he saw an armed knight coming toward him. Then Sir Gareth mounted upon his horse and they ran together as it had been thunder. And so they fought two hours. At last came the damsel, who rode with Sir Gareth so long, and she cried, "Sir Gawain, Sir Gawain, leave thy fighting with thy brother Sir Gareth."

And when he heard her say so he throw away his shield and his sword and ran to Sir Gareth and took him in his arms and then kneeled down and asked for mercy.

"Who are ye," said Sir Gareth, "that right now were so strong and so mighty and now so suddenly yield you to me?"

"O, Gareth, I am your brother, Gawain, that for your sake have had great sorrow and labor."

Then Sir Gareth unlaced his helmet and kneeled down to him and asked for mercy. Then they rose and embraced each other and wept a great while and either of them gave the other the prize of the battle. And there were many kind words between them.

"Alas, my fair brother," said Sir Gawain, "I ought of right to honor you, if you were not my brother, for ye have honored King Arthur and all his court, for ye have sent him more honorable knights this twelvemonth than six of the best of the Round Table have done except Sir Lancelot."

Then the damsel went to King Arthur, who was but two miles thence. And when she told him of Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth, the king mounted a horse and bade the lords and ladies come after, who that would, and there was saddling and bridling of queens' horses and princes' horses and well was he that was soonest ready.

And when the king came nigh Sir Gareth, he made great joy and ever he wept as if he were a child. With that came Gareth's mother and when she saw Gareth she might not weep, but suddenly fell down in a swoon and lay there a great while, as if she were dead. And then Sir Gareth comforted his mother in such wise that she recovered and made good cheer.

Then made Sir Lancelot great cheer of Sir Gareth and he of him, for there was never knight that Sir Gareth loved so well as he did Sir Lancelot and ever for the most part, he would be in Sir Lancelot's company.

And this Sir Gareth was a noble knight and a well-ruled and fair languaged.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What reason did Gareth have for concealing his name from the king?

What do you think he hoped to gain by becoming a member of the king's household?

What qualities did Arthur show in his treatment of the unknown young man, which explain the love which the people bore their king?

Contrast Sir Kay and Sir Lancelot in their treatment of the young man.

Read the line which explains Sir Lancelot's conduct.

How did Gareth behave during the year he worked in the kitchen?

What do you learn of the condition of the times from the story told by the damsel?

What was King Arthur's purpose in establishing the Round Table?

What does the fact that the damsel appealed to the king tell you of the feelings which he had inspired in his people?

Why would Gareth take no reward from the knight whom he rescued?

Which of the vows of his knighthood did he fulfill when he went to the rescue of the knight?

How did Gareth receive the harsh words of the damsel?

Would he have been justified in leaving her when she showed such discourtesy and ingratitude?

What was it that Gareth never forgot and that helped him to bear her rudeness?

According to the rule of knighthood what was a knight bound to do when a vanquished foe asked for mercy?

Why did Gareth say the damsel must ask for the life of the Green Knight?

What essential quality of knighthood did the Green Knight show in combat?

What quality of knighthood did he show when he praised Gareth to the damsel?

What quality of knighthood did he show in his farewell to Gareth?

Read the words in which the damsel asks forgiveness.

What does she say made her realize she was wrong?

What knight did Sir Persant say was the chief of all knights?

What two knights did he rank next in order?

What did the damsel tell Gareth about the strength of the Red Knight of the Red Lands?

Why would he not take her advice and wait until noon before beginning the fight?

What commands did Gareth lay upon the Red Knight of the Red Lands when he spared his life?

What quality of knighthood did all these knights show when they went to the court and did homage to King Arthur?

Read Sir Lancelot's answer to the king's request that he encounter the unknown knight who had overthrown so many.

Why would not Gareth strike Sir Lancelot?

Read the lines which tell of Gareth's love for Sir Lancelot.

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"labor daily in arms"
"hold his lands of you"
"prove his might"
"deeds of arms"
"ungentle knight"
"a proved knight"
"good fame"
"make amends"

BOOK III.

THE PEERLESS KNIGHT LANCELOT

CHAPTER I.

THE TOURNAMENT AT WINCHESTER.

King Arthur proclaimed a great joust and a tournament that should be held at Camelot, that is Winchester; and the king said that he and the King of Scots would joust against all that would come against them. And when this proclamation was made, thither came many knights.

So King Arthur made him ready to depart to these jousts but Sir Lancelot would not ride with the king, for he said he was suffering from a grievous wound. And so the king departed toward Winchester with his fellowship and by the way he lodged in a town called Astolat.

And upon the morn early Sir Lancelot departed and rode until he came to Astolat and there it happened in the evening, he came to an old baron's place who was called Sir Bernard of Astolat. As Sir Lancelot entered into his lodging, King Arthur saw him and knew him full well.

"It is well," said King Arthur unto the knights that were with him, "I have now seen one knight that will play his play at the jousts to which we are going. I undertake he will do marvels."

"Who is that, we pray you tell us?" said many knights that were there at that time.

"Ye shall not know from me," said the king, "at this time."

And so the king smiled and went to his lodging.

So when Sir Lancelot was in his lodging and unarmed him in his chamber, the old baron came to him and welcomed him in the best manner, but the old knight knew not Sir Lancelot.

cam'e lot ber nard'

"Fair sir," said Sir Lancelot to his host, "I would pray you to lend me a shield that were not openly known, for mine is well known."

"Sir," said his host, "ye shall have your desire for meseemeth ye be one of the likeliest knights of the world and therefore I shall show you friendship. Sir, I have two sons that were but late made knights and the elder is called Sir Torre and he was hurt that same day he was made knight, that he may not ride and his shield ye shall have, for that is not known, I dare say, but here, and in no place else. And my younger son is called Lavaine and if it please you, he shall ride with you unto the jousts and he is of age and strong and brave; for much my heart giveth unto you that ye be a noble knight. Therefore, I pray you tell me your name," said Sir Bernard.

"As for that," said Sir Lancelot, "ye must hold me excused at this time and if God give me grace to speed well at the jousts, I shall come again and tell you. But, I pray you, in any wise, let me have your son, Sir Lavaine, with me and that I may have his brother's shield."

"All this shall be done," said Sir Bernard.

This old baron had a daughter that was called at that time the fair maiden of Astolat and her name was Elaine. So this maiden besought Sir Lancelot to wear upon him at the jousts a token of hers.

"Fair damsel," said Sir Lancelot, "if I grant you that, I will do more for you than ever I did for lady."

Then he remembered him he would go to the jousts disguised. And because he had never before that time borne the token of any lady, then he bethought him that he would wear one of hers, that none of his blood thereby might know him. And then he said, "Fair maiden, I will grant you to wear a token of yours upon mine helmet and therefore what it is, show it me."

"Sir," she said, "it is a sleeve of mine, of scarlet, well embroidered with great pearls."

tŏr're *or* tŏr la vāne' e lāne'

And so she brought it him. So Sir Lancelot received it and gave the maiden his shield in keeping, and he prayed her to keep that until he came again.

So upon a day, on the morn, King Arthur and all his knights departed, for the king had tarried three days to abide his noble knights. And so when the king had gone, Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine made them ready to ride and either of them had white shields and the red sleeve, Sir Lancelot carried with him. So they took their leave of Sir Bernard, the old baron, and of his daughter the fair maiden of Astolat.

And then they rode till they came to Camelot and there was a great press of kings, dukes, earls and barons and many noble knights. But there Sir Lancelot was lodged by means of Sir Lavaine with a rich burgess that no man in that town knew who they were. And so they reposed them there, till the day of the tournament.

So the trumpets blew unto the field and King Arthur was set on a high place to behold who did best. Then some of the kings were that time turned upon the side of King Arthur. And then on the other party were the King of Northgalis and the King of the Hundred Knights and the King of Northumberland and Sir Galahad, the noble prince. But these three kings and this duke were passing weak to hold against King Arthur's party, for with him were the noblest knights of the world.

So then they withdrew them, either party from other, and every man made him ready in his best manner to do what he might. Then Sir Lancelot made him ready and put the red sleeve upon his head and fastened it fast; and so Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine departed out of Winchester and rode into a little leaved wood behind the party that held against King Arthur's party, and there they held them still till the parties smote together.

And then came in the King of Scots and the King of Ireland on Arthur's party and against them came the King of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights

smote down the King of Ireland. So there began a strong assail upon both parties. And there came in together many knights of the Table Round and beat back the King of Northumberland and the King of Northgalis.

When Sir Lancelot saw this, he said unto Sir Lavaine, "See, yonder is a company of good knights and they hold them together as boars that were chased with dogs."

"That is truth," said Sir Lavaine.

"Now," said Sir Lancelot, "if ye will help me a little, ye shall see yonder fellowship that chaseth now these men on our side, that they shall go as fast backward as they went forward."

"Sir, spare not," said Sir Lavaine, "for I shall do what I may."

Then Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine came in at the thickest of the press and there Sir Lancelot smote down five knights and all this he did with one spear; and Sir Lavaine smote down two knights. And then Sir Lancelot got another spear and there he smote down four knights and Sir Lavaine smote one.

And then Sir Lancelot drew his sword and there he smote on the right hand and on the left hand and by great force he unhorsed three knights; and then the knights of the Table Round withdrew them aback, after they had gotten their horses as well as they might.

"O," said Sir Gawain, "what knight is yonder that doth such marvelous deeds of arms in that field?"

"I know well who he is," said King Arthur, "but at this time I will not name him."

"Sir," said Sir Gawain, "I would say it were Sir Lancelot by his riding and the blows I see him deal, but ever meseemeth it should not be he, for that he beareth the red sleeve upon his head, for I know he never wore token of lady at a joust."

"Let him be," said King Arthur, "he will be better known and do more, or ever he depart."

Then the party that was against King Arthur was well comforted and then they held them together that beforehand were

sore pressed. So nine knights of Lancelot's kin thrust in mightily, for they were all noble knights; and they, of great hate that they had unto him, thought to rebuke that noble knight, Sir Lancelot, and Sir Lavaine, for they knew them not. And so they came charging together and smote down many knights of Northgalis and Northumberland.

And when Sir Lancelot saw them fare so, he took a spear in his hand and there encountered with him all at once, Sir Bors, Sir Ector and Sir Lionel, and all they three smote him at once with their spears.

And with force of themselves they smote Sir Lancelot's horse to the earth and by misfortune Sir Bors smote Sir Lancelot through the shield into the side and the spear broke and the head was left in his side.

When Sir Lavaine saw his master lie on the ground, he ran to the King of Scots and smote him to the earth and by great force he took his horse and brought him to Sir Lancelot and in spite of them all, he made him to mount upon that horse. And then Sir Lancelot took a spear in his hand and there he smote Sir Bors, horse and man to the earth. In the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel.

And then Sir Lancelot drew his sword, for he felt himself so sore and hurt that he thought there to have had his death. And he smote down three knights more, but by this was Sir Bors horsed and then he came with Sir Ector and Sir Lionel and all they three smote with swords upon Sir Lancelot's helmet. And when he felt their buffets and his wound, which was so grievous, then he thought to do what he might, while he might endure.

And then he gave Sir Bors such a buffet that he made him bow his head passing low; and therewith he smote off his helmet and might have slain him; and so pulled him down, and in the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel. For he might have slain them, but when he saw their faces his heart might not serve him thereto, but left them there.

bôrz lī'o nel

And so afterward he hurled into the thickest press of them all and did there the most marvelous deeds of arms that ever man saw or heard speak of, and ever Sir Lavaine, the good knight, with him. And there Sir Lancelot with his sword smote down and pulled down more than thirty knights and the most part were of the Table Round; and Sir Lavaine did full well that day, for he smote down ten knights of the Table Round.

"I marvel," said Sir Gawain, "what knight that is with the red sleeve."

"Sir," said King Arthur, "he will be known before he depart."

And then the trumpets blew and the prize was given by heralds unto the knight with the white shield that bore the red sleeve. Then came the King with the Hundred Knights, the King of Northgalis and the King of Northumberland and Sir Galahad, the noble prince, and said unto Sir Lancelot, "Fair knight, God thee bless, for much have you done this day for us, therefore, we pray you that ye will come with us, that ye may receive the honor and the prize, as ye have honorably deserved it."

"My fair lords," said Sir Lancelot, "if I have deserved thanks, I have sore bought it; and that me repenteth, for I am like never to escape with my life; therefore, fair lords, I pray you that ye will suffer me to depart where me liketh, for I am sore hurt. I care for no honor, for I would more gladly repose me, than to be lord of all the world."

And therewithal he groaned piteously and rode away from them until he came to a wood. And when he saw that he was from the field nigh a mile, that he was sure he might not be seen, then he said, "O gentle knight, Sir Lavaine, help me that this spear were out of my side, for it slayeth me."

"O, mine own lord," said Sir Lavaine, "I would fain do that might please you, but I dread me sore, if I pull out the spear, that ye shall be in peril of death."

"I charge you," said Sir Lancelot, "as ye love me, draw it out."

And therewithal he descended from his horse and right so did Sir Lavaine; and forthwith Sir Lavaine drew the spear out of his side and he gave a great shriek and so swooned, pale and deadly.

"Alas," said Sir Lavaine, "what shall I do?"

And so at the last Sir Lancelot cast up his eyes and said, "O Lavaine, help me that I were on my horse, for here is fast by within this two miles a gentle hermit, that sometime was a full noble knight and a great lord of possessions. And for great goodness he hath taken him to poverty and his name is Sir Baudwin of Brittany and he is a full noble surgeon. Now let see, help me up that I were there, for ever my heart telleth me, that I shall never die of my cousin's hands."

And then with great pain Sir Lavaine helped him upon his horse. And then they rode together and so by fortune they came to that hermitage the which was in a wood and a great cliff on the other side and fair water running under it. And Sir Lavaine beat on the gate and there came a fair child to them and asked them what they would.

"Fair son," said Sir Lavaine, "go and pray thy lord, the hermit, to let in here a knight that is full sore wounded; and this day, tell thy lord, I saw him do more deeds of arms than ever I heard say that any man did."

So the child went in lightly and then he brought the hermit, the which was a passing good man. When Sir Lavaine saw him, he prayed him for succor.

"What knight is he," said the hermit. "Is he of the house of Arthur or not?"

"I know not," said Sir Lavaine, "what is he or what is his name, but well I know I saw him do marvelously this day, as of deeds of arms."

"On whose party was he?" said the hermit.

"Sir," said Lavaine, "he was this day against King Arthur and there he won the prize from all the knights of the Round Table."

"I have seen the day," said the hermit, "I would have loved him the worse because he was against my lord, King Arthur, for sometime, I was one of the fellowship of the Round Table, but I thank God, now I am otherwise disposed. But where is he? Let me see him."

And when the hermit beheld him, he thought that he should know him, but he could not bring him to knowledge because he was so pale.

"What knight are ye?" said the hermit.

"My fair lord," said Lancelot, "I am a stranger and a knight adventurous, that laboreth throughout many realms for to win honor."

Then the hermit saw by a wound on his cheek that he was Sir Lancelot.

"Alas," said the hermit, "mine own lord, why conceal you your name from me? Forsooth, I ought to know you of right, for ye are the noblest knight of the world, for well I know you for Sir Lancelot."

"Sir," said he, "since ye know me, help me if ye can, for I would be out of this pain at once, either to death or to life."

"Have ye no doubt," said the hermit, "ye shall live and fare right well."

And so the hermit called to him two of his servants and they bore him into the hermitage and lightly unarmed him and laid him in his bed. And then anon the hermit stanched his blood and soon Sir Lancelot was well refreshed and knew himself.

Now turn we unto King Arthur and leave we Sir Lancelot in the hermitage. So when the kings were come together on both parties and the great feast should be held, King Arthur asked the King of Northgalis and their fellowship, where was that knight that bore the red sleeve.

"Bring him before me, that he may have his praise and honor and the prize as it is right."

Then spake Sir Galahad, the noble prince, "We suppose

that knight is injured and that he is never like to see you nor any of us all, and that is the greatest pity that ever we knew of any knight."

"Alas," said Arthur, "how may this be? Is he so hurt? What is his name?"

"Truly," said they all, "we know not his name, nor from whence he came nor whither he went."

"Alas," said the king, "this be to me the worst tidings that came to me this seven year, for I would not for all the lands I possess to know that that noble knight were slain."

"Know ye him?" said they all.

"As for that," said Arthur, "whether I know him or not, ye shall not know from me what man he is, but God send me good tidings of him."

"If it so be that the good knight be so sore hurt," said Sir Gawain, "it is great damage and pity to all this land, for he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw in a field handle a spear or a sword; and if he may be found, I shall find him, for I am sure he is not far from this town."

Right so Sir Gawain took a squire with him and rode all about Camelot within six or seven miles, but so he came again and could hear no word of him. Then within two days King Arthur and all the fellowship returned unto London again.

And so as they rode by the way, it happened that Sir Gawain lodged with Sir Bernard where was Sir Lancelot lodged. And Sir Bernard and his daughter, Elaine, came to him to cheer him and to ask him who did best at that tournament.

"There were two knights," said Sir Gawain, "that bore two white shields, but one of them bore a red sleeve upon his head and certainly he was one of the best knights that ever I saw joust in field. For I dare say, that one knight with the red sleeve smote down forty knights of the Table Round and his fellow did right well and honorably."

"Now I thank God," said Elaine, "that that knight sped so well."

"Know ye his name?" said Sir Gawain.

"Nay, truly," said the maiden, "I know not his name, nor whence he cometh."

"How had ye knowledge of him first?" said Sir Gawain.

Then she told him as ye have heard before, and how her father intrusted her brother to him to do him service and how her father lent him her brother's shield, "And here with me he left his shield," she said.

"For what cause did he so?" said Sir Gawain.

"For this cause," said the damsel, "for his shield was too well known among many noble knights."

"Ah, fair damsel," said Sir Gawain, "please it you let me have a sight of that shield."

So when the shield was come, Sir Gawain knew it was Sir Lancelot's shield.

"Ah," said Sir Gawain, "now is my heart heavier than ever it was before."

"Why?" said Elaine.

"I have great cause," said Sir Gawain, "the knight that owneth this shield is the most honorable knight of the world."

"So I thought ever," said Elaine.

"But I dread me," said Sir Gawain, "that ye shall never see him in this world and that is the greatest pity that ever was of earthly knight."

"Alas," said she, "how may this be? Is he slain?"

"I say not so," said Sir Gawain, "but he is grievously wounded and more likely to be dead than to be alive and he is the noble knight, Sir Lancelot, for by this shield I know him."

"Alas," said Elaine, "how may this be and what was his hurt?"

"Truly," said Sir Gawain, "the man in the world that loved him best, hurt him so, and I dare say, if that knight, that hurt him, knew that he had hurt Sir Lancelot, it would be the most sorrow that ever came to his heart."

"Now, fair father," said Elaine, "I require you give me leave to ride and to seek him and my brother, Sir Lavaine."

"Do as it liketh you," said her father, "for me sore repenteth of the hurt of that noble knight."

Then on the morn Sir Gawain came to King Arthur and told him how he had found Sir Lancelot's shield in the keeping of the fair maiden of Astolat.

"All that I knew beforehand," said King Arthur, "for I saw him when he came to his lodging full late in the evening, in Astolat."

So the king and all came to London and there Sir Gawain openly disclosed to all the Court, that it was Sir Lancelot that jousted best.

And when Sir Bors heard that, he was a sorrowful man and so were all his kinsmen. And Sir Bors said, "I will haste me to seek him and find him wheresoever he be and God send me good tidings of him."

CHAPTER II.

SIR LANCELOT AT THE HERMITAGE.

And so we will leave Sir Bors and speak of Sir Lancelot that lay in great peril. So as Elaine came to Winchester she sought there all about, and by fortune, Sir Lavaine rode forth to exercise his horse. And anon as Elaine saw him she knew him, and she called to him. When he heard her, he came to her and then she asked her brother how did my lord Sir Lancelot.

"Who told you, sister, that my lord's name was Sir Lancelot?"

Then she told how Sir Gawain by his shield knew him. So they rode together until they came to the hermitage. So Sir Lavaine brought her into Sir Lancelot and when she saw him so sick and pale she said, "My lord Sir Lancelot, alas, why be ye in this plight?"

But Sir Lancelot said, " fair maiden, if ye be come to com-

fort me, ye be right welcome; and of this little hurt that I have, I shall be right hastily whole by the grace of God. But, I marvel who told you my name?"

Then the fair maiden told him all, how Sir Gawain was lodged with her father, "And there by your shield he discovered you."

So Elaine watched Sir Lancelot and cared for his wound and did such attendance to him that the story saith that never man had a kindlier nurse. Then Sir Lancelot prayed Sir Lavaine to make inquiries in Winchester for Sir Bors and told him by what tokens he should know him, by a wound in his forehead.

"For well I am sure that Sir Bors will seek me," said Sir Lancelot, "for he is the same good knight that hurt me."

Now turn we to Sir Bors that came unto Winchester to seek after his cousin Sir Lancelot. And so when he came to Winchester, anon there were men that Sir Lavaine had made to watch for such a man and anon Sir Lavaine had warning; and then Sir Lavaine came to Winchester and found Sir Bors and there he told him who he was and with whom he was and what was his name.

"Now, fair knight," said Sir Bors, "I require you that ye will bring me to my lord, Sir Lancelot."

"Sir," said Sir Lavaine, "take your horse and within this hour ye shall see him."

And so they departed and came to the hermitage. And when Sir Bors saw Sir Lancelot lie in his bed, pale and discolored, anon Sir Bors lost his countenance and for kindness and pity, he might not speak but wept tenderly for a great while.

And then, when he might speak, he said thus, "O my lord, Sir Lancelot, God you bless, and send you hasty recovery; and full heavy am I of my misfortune and mine unhappiness, for now I may call myself unhappy. And I dread me that God is greatly displeased with me, that he would suffer me to have such a shame for to hurt you, that are our leader and our honor and therefore I call myself unhappy. Alas, that ever such a

miserable knight, as I am, should have power by unhappiness to hurt the noblest knight of the world! Where I so shamefully set upon you and overcharged you, and where ye might have slain me ye saved me; and so did not I, for I and your kindred did to you our uttermost. I marvel, that my heart or my blood would serve me, wherefore, my lord Sir Lancelot, I ask your mercy."

"Fair cousin," said Sir Lancelot, "ye be right welcome; and much ye say which pleaseth me not, for I have the same I sought; for I would with pride have overcome you all, and there in my pride, I was near slain and that was my own fault, for I might have given you warning of my being there. And then would I have had no hurt; for it is an old saying, there is hard battle when kin and friends do battle, either against other, for there may be no mercy but mortal war. Therefore, fair cousin, all shall be welcome that God sendeth; and let us leave off this matter and let us speak of some rejoicing, for this that is done may not be undone; and let us find a remedy how soon I may be whole."

Then Sir Bors leaned upon his bed and told him how Sir Gawain knew him by the shield he left with the fair maiden of Astolat and so they talked of many more things. And so within three or four days Sir Lancelot was big and strong again.

Then Sir Bors told Sir Lancelot how there was a great tournament and joust agreed upon between King Arthur and the King of Northgalis.

"Is that the truth?" said Sir Lancelot. "Then shall ye abide with me still a little while, until that I be whole, for I feel myself right big and strong."

Then were they together nigh a month and ever this maiden Elaine did her diligent labor for Sir Lancelot, so that there never was a child or wife meeker to her father or husband, than was that fair maiden of Astolat; wherefore Sir Bors was greatly pleased with her.

So upon a day, Sir Lancelot thought to try his armor and his

spear. And so when he was upon his horse, he stirred him fiercely, and the horse was passing strong and fresh, because he had not been labored for a month. And then Sir Lancelot couched that spear in the rest. That courser leaped mightily when he felt the spurs and he that was upon him, the which was the noblest horse in the world, strained him mightily and kept still the spear in the rest and therewith Sir Lancelot strained himself with so great force, to get the horse forward that the wound opened and he felt himself so feeble, that he might not sit upon his horse.

And then Sir Lancelot cried unto Sir Bors, "Ah, Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine, help me, for I am come to my end." And therewith he fell down to the earth as if he were dead.

And then Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine came to him with sorrow. Then came the holy hermit, Sir Baudwin of Brittany, and when he found Sir Lancelot in that plight, he said but little, but know ye well that he was wroth; and then he bade them, "Let us have him in."

And so they all bare him into the hermitage and unarmed him and laid him in his bed and evermore his wound bled piteously, but he stirred no limb. Then the knight hermit put a little water in his mouth and Sir Lancelot waked of his swoon and then the hermit stanched his bleeding.

And when he might speak he asked Sir Lancelot why he put his life in jeopardy.

"Sir," said Sir Lancelot, "because I thought I had been strong and also Sir Bors told me that there should be great jousts betwixt King Arthur and the King of Northgalis and therefore I thought to try it myself, whether I might be there or not."

"Ah, Sir Lancelot," said the hermit, "your heart and your courage will never be done, until your last day, but ye shall do now by my counsel. Let Sir Bors depart from you and let him do at that tournament what he may. And by the grace of God, by that the tournament be done, and ye come hither again, Sir

Lancelot shall be as whole as ye, if so be that he will be governed by me."

Then Sir Bors made him ready to depart from Sir Lancelot; and then Sir Lancelot said, "Fair cousin, Sir Bors, recommend me unto all them unto whom I ought to recommend me. And I pray you, exert yourself at the jousts that ye may be best, for my love; and here shall I abide you at the mercy of God till ye come again."

And so Sir Bors departed and came to the court of King Arthur and told them in what place he had left Sir Lancelot.

"That grieveth me," said the king, "but since he shall have his life we all may thank God."

And then every knight of the Round Table that was there at that time present, made him ready to be at the jousts and thither drew many knights of many countries. And as the time drew near, thither came the King of Northgalis, and the King with the Hundred Knights and Sir Galahad, the noble prince, and thither came the King of Ireland and the King of Scots. So these three kings came on King Arthur's party.

And that day Sir Gawain did great deeds of arms and began first. And the heralds numbered that Sir Gawain smote down twenty knights. Then Sir Bors came in the same time, and he was numbered that he smote down twenty knights and therefore the prize was given betwixt them both, for they began first and longest endured.

Also Sir Gareth did that day great deeds of arms, for he smote down and pulled down thirty knights. But when he had done these deeds, he tarried not, but so departed, and therefore he lost his prize. And Sir Palomides did great deeds of arms that day for he smote down twenty knights, but he departed suddenly, and men thought Sir Gareth and he rode together to some adventures.

So when this tournament was done, Sir Bors departed, and rode till he came to Sir Lancelot his cousin; and then he found

pal ŏm'i dēs

him on his feet and there either made great joy of other; and so Sir Bors told Sir Lancelot of all the jousts, like as ye have heard.

"I marvel," said Sir Lancelot, "that Sir Gareth when he had done such deeds of arms, that he would not tarry."

"Thereof we marvel all," said Sir Bors, "for except you, or Sir Tristam or Sir Lamorak, I saw never knight bear down so many in so little a while, as did Sir Gareth, and anon he was gone, we knew not where."

"By my head," said Sir Lancelot, "he is a noble knight and a mighty man and well breathed; and if he were well tried, I would think he were good enough for any knight that beareth the life; and he is a gentle knight, courteous, true, bounteous, meek and mild, and in him is no manner of evil, but he is plain, faithful and true."

So then they made them ready to depart from the hermit. And so upon a morn, they took their horses and Elaine with them and when they came to Astolat, they were well lodged and had great cheer of Sir Bernard, the old baron, and of Sir Torre, his son. And upon the morrow, Sir Lancelot took his leave and came unto Winchester.

And when King Arthur knew that Sir Lancelot was come whole and sound the king made great joy of him, and so did Sir Gawain and all the knights of the Round Table, except Sir Agravaine and Sir Modred.

CHAPTER III.

THE DEATH OF ELAINE.

Now speak we of the fair maiden of Astolat, that made such sorrow day and night that she never slept, ate nor drank because she grieved so for Sir Lancelot. So when she had thus endured ten days, she became so feeble that she knew she must die.

And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Torre, and heartily she prayed her father, that her brother might write a letter as she did tell him, and so her father

granted her. And when the letter was written, word by word as she said, then she prayed her father, saying, "When I am dead, let this letter be put in my right hand and my hand bound fast with the letter, and let me be put in a fair bed with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed be laid with me in a chariot and carried unto the Thames. And there let me be put within a barge and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither. And let my barge be covered with black samite over and over; thus, father, I beseech you let it be done."

So her father granted it her faithfully, all things should be done as she asked. Then her father and her brother made great sorrow, for they knew she was dying. And so when she was dead her body was placed in a barge and a man steered the barge unto Westminster and there he rowed a great while to and fro before any saw him.

So by fortune, King Arthur and Queen Guinevere were speaking together at a window and so as they looked out on the Thames, they saw this black barge and marveled what it meant. Then the king called Sir Kay and showed it to him.

"Go thither," said the king to Sir Kay, "and take with you Sir Brandiles and Sir Agravaine and bring word what is there."

Then these knights departed and came to the barge and went in; and there they found the fair maiden lying in a rich bed, and a poor man sitting in the barge's end and no word would he speak. So these knights returned unto the king again, and told him what they found.

And then the king took the queen by the hand and went thither. Then the king made the barge to be held fast and then the king and queen entered with certain knights with them and there they saw the fairest maiden in a rich bed, covered with many rich clothes and all was cloth of gold and she lay as though she smiled.

Then the queen saw a letter in her right hand and told the

brăn'di les

king. Then the king took it and said, "Now I am sure this letter will tell what she was and why she is come hither."

So then the king and the queen went out of the barge, and so when the king was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him, and said he would know openly what was written within that letter. Then the king opened it and made a clerk read it, and this was the letter:

"Most noble knight, Sir Lancelot, I was called the Fair Maiden of Astolat. Pray for my soul and give me burial at least. This is my last request. Pray for my soul, Sir Lancelot, as thou art a peerless knight."

This was all the substance of the letter. And when it was read, the king, the queen and all the knights wept for pity. Then was Sir Lancelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him.

And when Sir Lancelot heard it word by word, he said, "My lord, King Arthur, I am right sorrowful because of the death of this fair damsel. She was both fair and good and much was I indebted to her for her care. I offered her for her kindness that she showed me, a thousand pounds yearly, whensoever she would wed some good knight and always while I live to be her own knight."

Then said the king unto Sir Lancelot, "It will be to your honor that ye see that she be buried honorably."

"Sir," said Sir Lancelot, "that shall be done as I can best do it."

And so upon the morn she was buried richly, and all the knights of the Round Table were there with Sir Lancelot. And then the poor man went again with the barge.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TOURNAMENT AT WESTMINSTER.

So time passed on till Christmas and then every day there were jousts made for a diamond, who that jousted best should

have a diamond. But Sir Lancelot would not joust, but if it were at a great joust. But Sir Lavaine jousted there passing well and best was praised, for there were but few that did so well. Wherefore, all manner of knights thought that Sir Lavaine should be made Knight of the Round Table at the next feast of Pentecost.

So after Christmas, King Arthur called unto him many knights and there they advised together to make a great tournament. And the King of Northgalis said to Arthur that he would have on his party the King of Ireland and the King with the Hundred Knights and the King of Northumberland and Sir Galahad, the noble prince. And so then four kings and this mighty duke took part against King Arthur and the Knights of the Table Round.

And the proclamation was made that the jousts should be at Westminster and so the knights made them ready to be at the jousts in the freshest manner. Then Queen Guinevere sent for Sir Lancelot and said thus, "I forbid you that ye ride in jousts or tournaments, unless your kinsmen know you. And at these jousts that be, ye shall have of me a sleeve of gold, and I charge you, that ye warn your kinsmen that ye will bear that day the sleeve of gold upon your helmet."

"Madam," said Sir Lancelot, "it shall be done."

And when Sir Lancelot saw his time, he told Sir Bors that he would depart and have no one with him but Sir Lavaine, unto the good hermit that dwelt in the forest of Windsor and there he thought to repose him and take all the rest that he might, so that he would be fresh at that day of jousts.

So Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine departed, that no creature knew where he was gone, but the noble men of his blood. And when he was come to the hermitage, he had good cheer. And so daily Sir Lancelot would go to a well, fast by the hermitage and there he would lie down and see the well spring and bubble, and sometimes he slept there.

So when the day was come Sir Lancelot planned that he

should be arrayed and Sir Lavaine and their horses, as though they were Saracens and so they departed and came nigh to the field.

The King of Northgalis brought with him a hundred knights, and the King of Northumberland brought with him a hundred good knights, and the King of Ireland brought with him a hundred good knights ready to joust, and Sir Galahad brought with him a hundred good knights and the King with the Hundred Knights brought with him as many, and all these were proved good knights.

Then came in King Arthur's party, and there came in the King of Scots with a hundred knights, and King Uriens brought with him a hundred knights, and King Howel of Brittany brought with him a hundred knights, and King Arthur himself came into the field with two hundred knights and the most part were knights of the Table Round, that were proved noble knights, and there were old knights set in a high place, to judge with the queen who did best.

Then the heralds blew the call to the field, and then the King of Northgalis encountered with the King of Scots and then the King of Scots had a fall: and the King of Ireland smote down King Uriens and the King of Northumberland smote down King Howel of Brittany. And then King Arthur was wroth and ran to the King with the Hundred Knights and there King Arthur smote him down: and after, with that same spear, King Arthur smote down three other knights. And when his spear was broken, King Arthur did exceedingly well; and so therewith came in Sir Gawain and Sir Gaheris, Sir Agravaine and Sir Modred, and there each of them smote down a knight, and Sir Gawain smote down four knights.

Then began a strong battle, for there came in the knights of Sir Lancelot's kindred and Sir Gareth and Sir Palomides with them, and many knights of the Table Round, and they began to press the four kings and the mighty duke so hard that they were discomfited; but this Duke Galahad was a noble knight

and by his mighty prowess he held back the knights of the Table Round.

All this saw Sir Lancelot and then he came into the field with Sir Lavaine as if it had been thunder. And then anon Sir Bors and the knights of his kindred saw Sir Lancelot, and Sir Bors said to them all, "I warn you beware of him with the sleeve of gold upon his head, for he is Sir Lancelot himself."

And for great goodness Sir Bors warned Sir Gareth. "I am well satisfied," said Sir Gareth, "that I may know him." "But who is he," said they all, "that rideth with him in the same array?"

"That is the good and gentle knight, Sir Lavaine," said Sir Bors.

So Sir Lancelot encountered with Sir Gawain and there by force Sir Lancelot smote down Sir Gawain and his horse to the earth, and so he smote down Sir Agravaine and Sir Gaheris and also, he smote down Sir Modred, and all this was with one spear. Then Sir Lavaine met with Sir Palomides and either met other so hard and so fiercely, that both their horses fell to the earth. And then they were horsed again, and then met Sir Lancelot with Sir Palomides and there Sir Palomides had a fall; and so Sir Lancelot, without stopping, as fast as he might get spears, smote down thirty knights and the most part of them were knights of the Table Round; and ever the knights of his kindred withdrew and fought in other places where Sir Lancelot came not.

And then King Arthur was wroth when he saw Lancelot do such deeds for he knew not that it was Sir Lancelot; and then the king called unto him nine knights and so the king with these knights made ready to set upon Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine.

All this saw Sir Bors and Sir Gareth.

"Now I dread me sore," said Sir Bors, "that my lord Sir Lancelot will be hard matched."

"By my head," said Sir Gareth, "I will ride unto my lord,

Sir Lancelot, to help him, come what may; for he is the same man that made me knight."

"Ye shall not do so by mine counsel," said Sir Bors, "unless that ye were disguised."

"Ye shall see me disguised," said Sir Gareth.

Therewithal he saw a Welsh knight, who was sore hurt by Sir Gawain, and to him Gareth rode and prayed him of his knighthood to lend him his green shield in exchange for his own.

"I will gladly," said the Welsh knight.

Then Sir Gareth came driving to Sir Lancelot all he might and said, "Knight, defend thyself, for yonder cometh King Arthur with nine knights with him to overcome you, and so I am come to bear you fellowship for old love ye have showed me."

"I thank you greatly," said Sir Lancelot.

"Sir," said Gareth, "encounter ye with Sir Gawain and I will encounter with Sir Palomides and let Sir Lavaine match with the noble King Arthur."

Then came King Arthur with his nine knights with him, and Sir Lancelot encountered with Sir Gawain and gave him such a buffet that Sir Gawain fell to the earth. Then Sir Gareth encountered with the good knight, Sir Palomides and he gave him such a buffet that both he and his horse fell to the earth. Then encountered King Arthur with Sir Lavaine and there either of them smote the other to the earth, horse and all, so that they lay a great while.

Then Sir Lancelot smote down Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris and Sir Modred, and Sir Gareth smote down Sir Kay, Sir Safere and Sir Griflet. And then Sir Lavaine was horsed again and he smote down Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere and then there began a great press of good knights. Then Sir Lancelot dashed here and there and smote off and pulled off helmets, so that none might strike him a blow with spear or with sword; and Sir Gareth did such deeds of arms, that all men marveled what knight he was with the green shield, for he smote down that day and pulled down more than thirty knights.

And Sir Lancelot marveled, when he beheld Sir Gareth do such deeds, what knight he might be! and Sir Lavaine pulled down and smote down twenty knights. Also Sir Lancelot knew not Sir Gareth, for if Sir Tristam or Sir Lamorak had been alive, Sir Lancelot would have thought he had been one of the two.

So this tournament continued till it was near night, for the Knights of the Round Table rallied ever unto King Arthur, for the king was wroth that he and his knights might not prevail that day. Then Sir Gawain said to the king, "I marvel where all this day Sir Bors and his fellowship of Sir Lancelot's kindred have been. I marvel all this day they be not about you. It is for some cause," said Sir Gawain.

"By my head," said Sir Kay, "Sir Bors is yonder all this day upon the right hand of this field and there he and his kindred have won more honor than we have."

"It may well be," said Sir Gawain, "but I believe this knight with the sleeve of gold is Sir Lancelot himself. I know it by his riding and by his great strokes. And the other knight in the same colors is the good young knight, Sir Lavaine. Also, that knight with the green shield is my brother, Sir Gareth, and he has disguised himself, for no man shall ever make him be against Sir Lancelot, because he made him knight."

"Nephew, I believe you," said King Arthur, "therefore tell me now what is your best counsel."

"Sir," said Gawain, "ye shall have my counsel. Let the heralds blow the close of the tournament, for if he be Sir Lancelot and my brother, Sir Gareth, with him, with the help of that good young knight, Sir Lavaine, trust me, it will be no use to strive with them, unless we should fall ten or twelve upon one knight, and that were no glory, but shame."

"Ye say truth," said the king, "it were shame to us, so many as we be, to set upon them any more; for they be three good knights and, particularly, that knight with the sleeve of gold."

So the trumpets blew and forthwith King Arthur sent to the

four kings and to the mighty duke and prayed them that the knight with the sleeve of gold depart not from them, but that the king might speak with him. Then King Arthur unarmed him and rode after Sir Lancelot. And so he found him with the four kings and the duke and there the king prayed them all unto supper and they said they would, with good will.

And when they were unarmed, then King Arthur knew Sir Lancelot, Sir Lavaine and Sir Gareth.

"Ah, Sir Lancelot," said the king, "this day ye have heated me and my knights."

And so they went unto King Arthur's lodging all together, and there was a great feast and the prize was given unto Sir Lancelot; and the heralds announced that he had smitten down fifty knights and Sir Gareth, five and thirty, and Sir Lavaine, four and twenty knights.

Then King Arthur blamed Sir Gareth, because he left his fellowship and held with Sir Lancelot.

"My lord," said Sir Gareth, "he made me a knight and when I saw him so hard pressed, methought it was my duty to help him, for I saw him do so much and so many noble knights against him; and when I understood that he was Sir Lancelot, I was ashamed to see so many knights against him alone."

"Truly," said King Arthur unto Sir Gareth, "ye say well, and manfully have you done and won for yourself great honor, and all the days of my life, I shall love you and trust you, more and more. For ever, it is an honorable knight's deed to help another honorable knight, when he seeth him in great danger; for ever an honorable man will be sorry to see a brave man shamed. But he that hath no honor, and acts with cowardice, never shall he show gentleness nor any manner of goodness, where he seeth a man in any danger; for then ever will a coward show no mercy. And always a good man will do ever to another man, as he would be done to himself."

So then there were great feasts, and games and play and all manner of noble deeds were done; and he that was courteous, true, and faithful to his friend, was that time cherished.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

Why did Lancelot ask Sir Bernard to lend him a shield?

What purpose had he in going to the tournament in disguise?

Why did he consent to wear Elaine's token?

Which side did Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine take in the tournament?

How can you explain the attack made by Sir Lancelot's kindred upon the unknown knight?

Where did Sir Lancelot go from the tournament?

In what way does the manner of life of the hermit in this story differ from our idea of a hermit's life?

How do you think a "full noble surgeon" of King Arthur's time would compare with a surgeon of the present day?

Read what Sir Gawain said when he heard that the unknown knight had disappeared.

How did Sir Gawain discover that the knight was Sir Lancelot?

How did he characterize Sir Lancelot in speaking to Elaine?

Who did Sir Gawain say had hurt Sir Lancelot?

Why did Sir Lancelot call his injury "a little hurt" when speaking to Elaine?

What comparison did Sir Bors make between Sir Lancelot's conduct at the tournament and his own?

How did Sir Lancelot comfort him?

Read Sir Lancelot's praise of Gareth after Sir Bors described the tournament.

Read the words which Sir Lancelot spoke after hearing Elaine's letter.

In what disguise did Sir Lancelot go to the joust at Westminster?

What did the Queen command him to do in order to guard against attack by his kindred?

What part did Sir Gareth take in the combat?

Who guessed that the disguised knights were Sir Lancelot, Sir Lavaine and Sir Gareth?

What advice did Sir Gawain give the king?

Read Sir Gareth's explanation of his action at the tournament.

Read King Arthur's answer.

Read the sentence which sums up all this speech.

What qualities are we told were most admired and loved in the days of chivalry?

Is this true today?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"fellowship" "sore pressed" "lost his countenance"

"meseemeth" "suffer me" "bring him to knowledge"

"openly disclosed" "his heart might not serve him thereto"

BOOK IV.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

HOW SIR MODRED PLOTTED AGAINST SIR LANCELOT AND OF THE DEATH OF SIR GAWAIN AND TWELVE KNIGHTS.

Before Merlin passed from the world of men, he uttered many marvellous prophecies and one that boded ill for King Arthur. He foretold that a son of Arthur's sister should stir up bitter war against the king and that a great battle should be fought in the west when many brave men should find their doom.

Among the nephews of King Arthur was one most dishonorable; his name was Modred. No knightly deed had he ever done and hated even to hear the good report of others. Of all the Round Table there was none that Modred hated more than Sir Lancelot du Lac, whom all true knights held in most honor. In his jealous rage he spoke evil of the Queen and Sir Lancelot. Now, Modred's brothers, Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth, refused to listen to these slanders, holding that Sir Lancelot, in his knightly service to the Queen did honor to King Arthur also.

When these evil tales reached King Arthur, he rebuked the tale bearers and declared his faith in Sir Lancelot and his lady, the Queen. But Modred, enraged by the rebuke, determined to find cause against them and not long after it seemed that the occasion had come. For when King Arthur had ridden forth to hunt far from Carlisle, where he then held court, the Queen sent for Lancelot to speak with her in her bower. Modred and his brother, Sir Agravaine, got together twelve knights, persuading them that they were doing the king a service. They waited until they saw Lancelot enter all unarmed and then

called to him to come forth. The whole court echoed with their cries of "Traitor." Lancelot arming himself in haste rushed out upon them and soon the entire company lay cold upon the earth. Only Modred escaped for he fled, but even so he was sore wounded.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE TRIAL OF THE QUEEN.

When Modred escaped from Sir Lancelot he got to horse, all wounded as he was, and never drew rein until he had found King Arthur, to whom he told all that had happened.

Then great was the King's grief. Despite all that Modred could say, he was slow to doubt Sir Lancelot, whom he loved, but his mind was filled with forebodings; for many a knight had been slain, and well he knew that their kin would seek vengeance on Sir Lancelot, and the noble fellowship of the Round Table be utterly destroyed by their feuds.

All too soon, it proved even as the King had feared. Many were found to hold with Sir Modred; some because they were kin to the knights that had been slain, some from envy of the honour and worship of the noble Sir Lancelot; and among them even were those who dared to raise their voice against the Queen herself, calling for judgment upon her as leagued with a traitor against the King, and as having caused the death of so many good knights. Now in those days the law was that if any one were accused of treason by witnesses, or taken in the act, that one should die the death by burning, be it man or woman, knight or churl. So then the murmurs grew to a loud clamour that the law should have its course, and that King Arthur should pass sentence on the Queen. Then was the King's woe doubled.

"For," said he, "I sit as King to be a rightful judge and keep all the law; wherefore I may not do battle for my own Queen, and now there is none other to help her."

So a decree was issued that Queen Guinevere should be burnt at the stake outside the walls of Carlisle.

Forthwith, King Arthur sent for his nephew, Sir Gawain, and said to him:

"Fair nephew, I give it in charge to you to see that all is done as has been decreed."

But Sir Gawain answered boldly: "Sir King, never will I be present to see my lady the Queen die. It is of ill counsel that ye have consented to her death."

Then the King bade Gawain send his two young brothers, Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris, to receive his commands, and these he desired to attend the Queen to the place of execution. So Gareth made answer for both:

"My Lord the King, we owe you obedience in all things, but know that it is sore against our wills that we obey you in this; nor will we appear in arms in the place where that noble lady shall die;" then sorrowfully they mounted their horses and rode to Carlisle.

When the day appointed had come, the Queen was led forth to a place without the walls of Carlisle, and there she was bound to the stake to be burnt to death. Loud were her ladies' lamentations, and many a lord was found to weep at that grievous sight of a Queen brought so low; yet was there none who dared come forward as her champion, lest he should be suspected of treason. As for Gareth and Gaheris, they could not bear the sight, and stood with their faces covered in their mantles. Then, just as the torch was to be applied to the faggots, there was a sound as of many horses galloping, and the next instant a band of knights rushed upon the astonished throng, their leader cutting down all who crossed his path until he had reached the Queen, whom he lifted to his saddle and bore from the press. Then all men knew that it was Sir Lancelot, come knightly to rescue the Queen, and in their hearts they rejoiced. So with little hindrance they rode away, Sir Lancelot and all his

gā'her is

kin with the Queen in their midst, till they came to the castle of the Joyous Garde where they held the Queen in safety and all reverence.

But of that day came a kingdom's ruin; for among the slain were Gawain's brothers Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris. Now Sir Lancelot loved Sir Gareth as if he had been his own younger brother, and himself had knighted him; but, in the press, he struck at him and killed him, not seeing that he was unarmed and weaponless; and in like wise, Sir Gaheris met his death. So when word was brought to King Arthur of what had passed, Sir Gawain asked straightway how his brothers had fared.

"Both are slain," said the messenger.

"Alas! my dear brothers!" cried Sir Gawain; "how came they by their death?"

"They were both slain by Sir Lancelot."

"That will I never believe," cried Sir Gawain; "for my brother, Sir Gareth, had such love for Sir Lancelot that there was naught Sir Lancelot could ask him that he would not do."

But the man said again: "He is slain, and by Sir Lancelot."

Then, from sheer grief, Sir Gawain fell swooning to the ground. When he was recovered, he said:

"My lord and uncle, is it even as this man says, that Sir Lancelot has slain my brother Sir Gareth?"

"Alas!" said the King. "Lancelot rode upon him in the press and slew him, not seeing who he was or that he was unarmed."

"Then," cried Gawain fiercely, "here I make my vow. Never, while my life lasts, will I leave Sir Lancelot in peace until he has rendered me account for the slaying of my brother."

From that day forth, Sir Gawain would not suffer the King to rest until he had gathered all his host and marched against the Joyous Garde. Thus began the war which broke up the fellowship of the Round Table.

gärd

CHAPTER III.

HOW SIR GAWAIN DEFIED SIR LANCELOT.

Now it came to the ears of the Pope in Rome that King Arthur was besieging Sir Lancelot in the castle of the Joyous Garde, and it grieved him that there should be strife between two such goodly knights, the like of whom was not to be found in Christendom. So he called to him the Bishop of Rochester and bade him carry word to Britain, both to Arthur and to Sir Lancelot, that they should be reconciled, the one to the other, and that King Arthur should receive again Queen Guinevere.

Forthwith Sir Lancelot desired of King Arthur assurance of liberty and reverence for the Queen, as also safe conduct for himself and his knights, that he might bring Queen Guinevere with due honor to the King at Carlisle; and thereto the King pledged his word.

So Lancelot set forth with the Queen, and behind them rode a hundred knights arrayed in green velvet, the housings of the horses of the same all studded with precious stones; thus they passed through the city of Carlisle openly, in the sight of all, and there were many who rejoiced that the Queen was come again and Sir Lancelot with her, though they of Gawain's party scowled upon him.

When they were come into the great hall where Arthur sat with Sir Gawain and other great lords about him, Sir Lancelot led Guinevere to the throne and both knelt before the King; then rising, Sir Lancelot lifted the Queen to her feet and thus he spoke to King Arthur, boldly and well, before the whole court:

"My lord, Sir Arthur, I bring you here your Queen, than whom no truer nor nobler lady ever lived; and here stand I, Sir Lancelot du Lac, ready to do battle with any that dare gainsay it;" and with these words Sir Lancelot turned and looked upon the lords and knights present in their places,

but none would challenge him in that cause, not even Sir Gawain, for he had ever affirmed that Queen Guinevere was a true and honourable lady.

Then Sir Lancelot spoke again: "Now, my Lord Arthur, in my own defence it behooves me to say that never in aught have I been false to you. That I slew certain knights is true, but I hold me guiltless, seeing that they brought death upon themselves. For no sooner had I gone to the Queen's bower, as she had commanded me, than they beset the door with shameful outcry, that all the court might hear, calling me traitor and felon knight."

"And rightly they called you," cried Sir Gawain fiercely.

"My Lord, Sir Gawain," answered Sir Lancelot, "in their quarrel they proved not themselves right, else had not I, alone, encountered fourteen knights and come forth unscathed."

Then said King Arthur: "Sir Lancelot, I have ever loved you above all other knights, and trusted you to the uttermost; but ill have ye done by me and mine."

"My lord," said Lancelot, "that I slew Sir Gareth I shall mourn as long as life lasts. As soon would I have slain my own nephew, Sir Bors, as have harmed Sir Gareth wittingly; for I myself made him knight, and loved him as a brother."

"Liar and traitor," cried Sir Gawain, "ye slew him, defenseless and unarmed."

"It is full plain, Sir Gawain," said Lancelot, "that never again shall I have your love; and yet there has been old kindness between us, and once ye thanked me that I saved your life."

"It shall not avail you now," said Sir Gawain; "traitor ye are, both to the King and to me. Know that, while life lasts, never will I rest until I have avenged my brother Sir Gareth's death upon you."

"Fair nephew," said the King, "cease your brawling. Sir Lancelot has come under surety of my word that none shall do him harm. Elsewhere, and at another time, fasten a quarrel upon him, if quarrel ye must."

"I care not," cried Sir Gawain fiercely. "The proud traitor trusts so in his own strength that he thinks none dare meet him. But here I defy him and swear that, be it in open combat or by stealth, I shall have his life. And know, mine uncle and King, if I shall not have your aid, I and mine will leave you for ever and, if need be, fight even against you."

"Peace," said the King, and to Sir Lancelot: "We give you fifteen days in which to leave this kingdom."

Then Sir Lancelot sighed heavily and said: "Full well I see that no sorrow of mine for what is past availeth me."

Then he went to the Queen where she sat, and said: "Madam, the time is come when I must leave this fair realm that I have loved. Think well of me, I pray you, and send for me if ever there be aught in which a true knight may serve a lady." Therewith he turned him about and, without greeting to any, passed through the hall, and, with his faithful knights, rode to the Joyous Garde, though ever thereafter, in memory of that sad day, he called it the Dolorous Garde.

There he called about him his friends and kinsmen, saying: "Fair knights, I must now pass into my own lands." Then they all, with one voice, cried that they would go with him. So he thanked them, promising them all fair estates and great honour when they were come to his kingdom; for all France belonged to Sir Lancelot. Yet was he loth to leave the land where he had followed so many glorious adventures, and sore he mourned to part in anger from King Arthur.

"My mind misgives me," said Sir Lancelot, "but that trouble shall come of Sir Modred, for he is envious and a mischief-maker, and it grieves me that never more I may serve King Arthur and his realm."

So Sir Lancelot sorrowed; but his kinsmen, wroth for the dishonour done him, made haste to depart and, by the fifteenth day, they were all embarked to sail overseas to France.

dŏl'o rŭs gʉrd

CHAPTER IV.

HOW KING ARTHUR AND SIR GAWAIN WENT TO FRANCE.

From the day when Sir Lancelot brought the Queen to Carlisle, never would Gawain suffer the King to be at rest; but always he desired him to call his army together that they might go to attack Sir Lancelot in his own land.

Now King Arthur was loth to war against Sir Lancelot, and seeing this, Sir Gawain upbraided him bitterly.

"I see well it is naught to you that my brother, Sir Gareth, died fulfilling your behest. Little ye care if all your knights be slain, if only the traitor Lancelot escape. Since, then, ye will not do me justice nor avenge your own nephew, I and my fellows will take the traitor when and how we may. He trusts in his own might that none can encounter with him; let see if we may not entrap him."

Thus urged, King Arthur called his army together and ordered that a great fleet be collected; for rather would he fight openly with Sir Lancelot than that Sir Gawain should bring such dishonour upon himself as to slay a noble knight treacherously. So with a great host, the King passed overseas to France, leaving Sir Modred to rule Britain in his stead.

When Lancelot heard that King Arthur and Sir Gawain were coming against him, he withdrew into the strong castle of Benwick; for unwilling, indeed, was he to fight with the King, or to do an injury to Sir Gareth's brother. The army passed through the land, laying it waste, and presently encamped about the castle, besieging it closely; but so thick were the walls and so watchful the garrison that in no way could they prevail against it.

One day, there came to Sir Lancelot seven brethren, brave knights of Wales, who had joined their fortunes to his, and said:

"Sir Lancelot, bid us sally forth against this host which has

invaded and laid waste your lands, and we will scatter it; for we are not wont to cower behind walls."

"Fair lords," answered Lancelot, "it is grief to me to war on good Christian knights and especially upon my lord, King Arthur. Have but patience, and I will send to him and see if, even now, there may not be a treaty of peace between us, for better far is peace than war."

So Sir Lancelot sought out a damsel and, mounting her upon a palfrey, bade her ride to King Arthur's camp and require of the King to cease warring on his lands, proffering fair terms of peace. When the damsel came to the camp, there met her Sir Lucan the Butler.

"Fair damsel," said Sir Lucan, "do ye come from Sir Lancelot?"

"Yea, in good truth," said the damsel; "and, I pray you, lead me to King Arthur."

"Now may ye prosper in your errand," said Sir Lucan. "Our King loves Sir Lancelot dearly and wishes him well; but Sir Gawain will not suffer him to be reconciled to him."

So when the damsel had come before the King, she told him all her tale, and much she said of Sir Lancelot's love and goodwill to his lord the King, so that the tears stood in Arthur's eyes. But Sir Gawain broke in roughly:

"My lord and uncle, shall it be said of us that we came hither with such a host to hie us home again, nothing done, to be the scoff of all men?"

"Nephew," said the King, "methinks Sir Lancelot offers fair and generously. It were well if ye would accept his proffer. Nevertheless, as the quarrel is yours, so shall the answer be."

"Then, damsel," said Sir Gawain, "say unto Sir Lancelot that the time for peace is past. And tell him that I, Sir Gawain, swear by the faith I owe to knighthood that never will I forego my revenge."

So the damsel returned to Sir Lancelot and told him all. Sir

lū'can

Lancelot's heart was filled with grief nigh unto breaking; but his knights were enraged and clamoured that he had endured too much of insult and wrong, and that he should lead them forth to battle. Sir Lancelot armed him sorrowfully and presently the gates were set open and he rode forth, he and all his company. But to all his knights he had given commandment that none shall seek King Arthur; "For never," said he, "will I see the noble King who made me knight, either killed or shamed."

Fierce was the battle between those two hosts. On Lancelot's side, Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine and many another did right well; while on the other side, King Arthur bore him as the noble knight he was, and Sir Gawain raged through the battle, seeking to come at Sir Lancelot. Presently, Sir Bors encountered King Arthur and unhorsed him. This Sir Lancelot saw and, coming to the King's side, he alighted and raising him from the ground, mounted him upon his own horse. Then King Arthur, looking upon Lancelot, cried: "Ah! Lancelot, Lancelot! That ever there should be war between us two!" and tears stood in the King's eyes.

"Ah! my Lord Arthur," cried Sir Lancelot, "I pray you stop this war."

As they spoke thus, Sir Gawain came upon them and, calling Sir Lancelot traitor and coward, had almost ridden upon him before Lancelot could find another horse. Then the two hosts drew back, each on its own side, to see the battle between Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawain; for they wheeled their horses and, departing far asunder, rushed again upon each other with the noise of thunder, and each bore the other from his horse. Then they put their shields before them and set on each other with their swords; but while ever Sir Gawain smote fiercely, Sir Lancelot was content only to ward off blows, because he would not, for Sir Gareth's sake, do any harm to Sir Gawain. But the more Sir Lancelot forbore him, the more furiously Sir

lā vān′

Gawain struck, so that Sir Lancelot had much ado to defend himself and, at the last smote Gawain on the helm so mightily that he bore him to the ground. Then Sir Lancelot stood back from Sir Gawain. But Gawain cried:

"Why do ye draw back, traitor knight? Slay ye while ye may, for never will I cease to be your enemy while my life lasts."

"Sir," said Lancelot, "I shall withstand you as I may; but never will I smite a fallen knight."

Then he spoke to King Arthur: "My Lord, I pray you, if only for this day, draw off your men. And think upon our former love if ye may; but, be ye friend or foe, God keep you."

Thereupon Sir Lancelot drew off his men into his castle and King Arthur and his company to their tents. As for Sir Gawain, his squires bore him to his tent where his wounds were dressed.

CHAPTER V.

OF MODRED THE TRAITOR.

So Sir Gawain lay healing of the grim wound which Sir Lancelot had given him, and there was peace between the two armies, when there came messengers from Britain bearing letters for King Arthur; and more evil news than they brought might not well be, for they told how Sir Modred had usurped his uncle's realm. First, he had caused it to be noised abroad that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Lancelot and, since there be many ever ready to believe any idle rumour and eager for any change, it had been no hard task for Sir Modred to call the lords to a Parliament and persuade them to make him king. But the Queen could not be brought to believe that her lord was dead, so she took refuge in the Tower of London from Sir Modred's violence, nor was she to be induced to leave her strong refuge for aught that Modred could promise or threaten.

This was the news that came to Arthur as he lay encamped about Sir Lancelot's castle of Benwick. Forthwith, he bade his host make ready to move and, when they had reached the coast,

they embarked and made sail to reach Britain with all possible speed.

Sir Modred, on his part, had heard of their sailing and hasted to get together a great army. It was grievous to see how many a stout knight held by Modred, ay, even many whom Arthur himself had raised to honour and fortune; for it is the nature of men to be fickle. Thus it was that, when Arthur drew near to Dover, he found Modred with a mighty host waiting to oppose his landing. Then there was a great sea-fight, those of Modred's party going out in boats, great and small, to board King Arthur's ships and slay him and his men or ever they should come to land. Right valiantly did King Arthur bear him, as was his wont, and boldly his followers fought in his cause, so that at last they drove off their enemies and landed at Dover in spite of Modred and his array. For that time, Modred fled and King Arthur bade those of his party bury the slain and tend the wounded.

So as they passed from ship to ship, salving and binding the hurts of the men, they came at last upon Sir Gawain, where he lay at the bottom of a boat, wounded to the death, for he had received a great blow on the wound that Sir Lancelot had given him. They bore him to his tent and his uncle, the King, came to him, sorrowing beyond measure.

"Methinks," said the King, "my joy on earth is done; for never have I loved any men as I have loved you, my nephew, and Sir Lancelot. Sir Lancelot I have lost, and now I see you on your death-bed."

"My King," said Sir Gawain, "my hour is come and I have got my death at Sir Lancelot's hand; for I am smitten on the wound he gave me. And rightly am I served for of my wilfulness and stubbornness comes this unhappy war. I pray you, my uncle, raise me in your arms and let me write to Sir Lancelot before I die."

Thus, then, Sir Gawain wrote: "To Sir Lancelot, the noblest of all knights, I, Gawain, send greeting before I die. For I am

smitten on the wound ye gave me before your castle of Benwick in France, and I bid all men bear witness that I sought my own death and that ye are innocent of it. I pray you, by our friendship of old, come again into Britain and, when ye look upon my tomb, pray for Gawain of Orkney. Farewell."

So Sir Gawain died and was buried in the Chapel at Dover.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE BATTLE IN THE WEST.

The day after the battle at Dover, King Arthur and his host pursued Sir Modred to Barham Down where again there was a great battle fought, with much slaughter on both sides; but, in the end, Arthur was victorious, and Modred fled to Canterbury.

Now by this time, many that Modred had cheated by his lying reports, had drawn unto King Arthur, to whom at heart they had ever been loyal, knowing him for a true and noble King and hating themselves for having been deceived by such a false usurper as Sir Modred. Then when he found that he was being deserted, Sir Modred withdrew to the far West, for there men knew less of what had happened, and so he might still find some to believe in him and support him; and being without conscience, he even called to his aid the heathen hosts that his uncle, King Arthur, had driven from the land in the good years when Lancelot was of the Round Table.

King Arthur followed ever after, for in his heart was bitter anger against the false nephew who had brought woe upon him and all his realm. At the last, when Modred could flee no further, the two hosts were drawn up near the shore of the great western sea; and it was the Feast of the Holy Trinity.

That night, as King Arthur slept, he thought that Sir Gawain stood before him, looking just as he did in life, and said to him:

"My uncle and my King, God in his great love has suffered

Bar'am

me to come unto you, to warn you that in no wise ye fight on the morrow; for if ye do, ye shall be slain and with you the most part of the people on both sides. Make ye, therefore, treaty for a month and within that time, Sir Lancelot shall come to you with all his knights and ye shall overthrow the traitor and all that hold with him."

Therewith Sir Gawain vanished. Immediately the King awoke and called to him the best and wisest of his knights, the two brethren, Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere, and others, to whom he told his dream. Then all were agreed that, on any terms whatsoever, a treaty should be made with Sir Modred, even as Sir Gawain had said; and with the dawn, messengers went to the camp of the enemy, to call Sir Modred to a conference. So it was determined that the meeting should take place in the sight of both armies, in an open space between the two camps, and that King Arthur and Modred should each be accompanied by fourteen knights. Little enough faith had either in the other, so when they set forth to the meeting, they bade their hosts join battle if ever they saw a sword drawn. Thus they went to the conference.

Now as they talked, it happened that an adder, coming out of a bush hard by, stung a knight in the foot; and he, seeing the snake, drew his sword to kill it and thought no harm thereby. But on the instant that the sword flashed, the trumpets blared on both sides and the two hosts rushed to battle. Never was there fought a fight of such bitter enmity, for brother fought with brother, and comrade with comrade, and fiercely they cut and thrust, with many a bitter word between; while King Arthur himself, his heart hot within him, rode through and through the battle, seeking the traitor Modred. So they fought all day till at last the evening fell. Then Arthur, looking around him, saw of his valiant knights but two left, Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere, and these sore wounded; and there, over against him, by a great heap of the dead, stood Sir Modred, the cause of all this ruin. Thereupon the King, his heart nigh

broken with grief for the loss of his true knights, cried with a loud voice, "Traitor! now is thy doom upon thee!" and with his spear gripped in both hands, he rushed upon Sir Modred and smote him that the weapon stood out a fathom behind. And Sir Modred knew that he had his death-wound. With all the might that he had, he thrust him up the spear to the haft and, with his sword, struck King Arthur upon the head that the steel pierced the helmet and bit into the head; then he fell back, stark and dead.

Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere went to the King where he lay, swooning from the blow, and bore him to a little chapel on the sea-shore. As they laid him on the ground, Sir Lucan fell dead beside the King and Arthur, coming to himself, found but Sir Bedivere alive beside him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So King Arthur lay wounded to the death, grieving, not that his end was come, but for the desolation of his kingdom and the loss of his good knights. And looking upon the body of Sir Lucan, he sighed and said:

"Alas! true knight, dead for my sake! If I lived, I should ever grieve for thy death, but now mine own end draws nigh."

Then turning to Sir Bedivere, who stood sorrowing beside him, he said: "Leave weeping now, for the time is short and much to do. Hereafter shalt thou weep if thou wilt. But take now my sword Excalibur, hasten to the water side and fling it into the deep. Then watch what happens and bring me word thereof."

"My Lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your command shall be obeyed;" and taking the sword, he departed. But as he went on his way, he looked on the sword, how wondrously it was formed, and the hilt all studded with precious stones; and, as he looked, he called to mind the marvel by which it had come into the

King's keeping. For on a certain day, as Arthur walked on the shore of a great lake, there had appeared above the surface of the water a hand brandishing a sword. On the instant, the King had leaped into a boat, and, rowing into the lake, had got the sword and brought it back to land. Then he had seen how, on one side the blade, was written, "Keep me," but on the other, "Throw me away," and sore perplexed, he had shown it to Merlin, the great wizard, who said: "Keep it now. The time for casting away has not yet come."

Thinking on this, it seemed to Bedivere that no good, but harm, must come of obeying the King's word; so hiding the sword under a tree, he hastened back to the little chapel.

Then said the King: "What saw'st thou?"

"Sir," answered Bedivere, "I saw naught but the waves, heard naught but the wind."

"That is untrue," said King Arthur; "I charge thee, as thou art true knight, go again and spare not to throw away the sword."

Sir Bedivere departed a second time and his mind was to obey his lord; but when he took the sword in his hand, he thought:

"Sin it is and shameful, to throw away so glorious a sword." Then hiding it again, he hastened back to the King.

"What saw'st thou?" said Sir Arthur.

"Sir, I saw the water lap on the crags."

Then spoke the King in great wrath: "Traitor and unkind! Twice hast thou betrayed me! Art dazzled by the splendour of the jewels, thou that, till now, hast ever been dear and true to me? Go yet again, but if thou fail me this time, I will arise and, with mine own hands, slay thee."

Then Sir Bedivere left the King and, that time, he took the sword quickly from the place where he had hidden it and, forbearing even to look upon it, he twisted the belt about it and flung it with all his force into the water. A wondrous sight he saw for, as the sword touched the water, a hand rose from

out the deep, caught it, brandished it thrice and drew it beneath the surface.

So Bedivere hastened back to the King and told him what he had seen.

"It is well," said Arthur; "now, bear me to the water's edge and hasten, I pray thee, for I have tarried over long and my wound has taken cold."

So Sir Bedivere raised the King on his back and bore him tenderly to the lonely shore, where the lapping waves floated many an empty helmet and the fitful moonlight fell on the upturned faces of the dead. Scarce had they reached the shore when there hove in sight a barge, and on its deck stood three tall women, robed all in black and wearing crowns on their heads.

"Place me in the barge," said Arthur, and softly Sir Bedivere lifted the King into it. And these three Queens wept sore over Arthur, and one took his head in her lap and chafed his hands, crying:

"Alas! my brother, thou hast been overlong in coming and, I fear me, thy wound has taken cold."

Then the barge began to move slowly forth from the land. When Sir Bedivere saw this, he lifted up his voice and cried with a bitter cry:

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, thou art taken from me! And I, whither shall I go?"

"Comfort thyself," said the King, "for in me is no comfort more. I pass to the Valley of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. If thou seest me never again, pray for me."

So the barge floated away out of sight and Sir Bedivere stood straining his eyes after it till it had vanished utterly. Then he turned him about and journeyed through the forest until, at daybreak, he reached a hermitage. Entering it, he prayed the holy hermit that he might abide with him and there he spent the rest of his life in prayer and holy exercise.

But of King Arthur is no more known. Some men, indeed, say that he is not dead, but abides in the happy Valley of Avilion

until such time as his country's need is sorest, when he shall come again and deliver it. Others say that, of a truth, he is dead and that, in the far West, his tomb may be seen and written on it these words:

"HERE LIES ARTHUR, ONCE KING
AND KING TO BE."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW QUEEN GUINEVERE BECAME A NUN AT ALMESBURY AND OF THE DEATH OF SIR LANCELOT.

When news reached Sir Lancelot in his own land of the treason of Modred, he gathered his lords and knights together, and rested not till he had come to Britain to aid King Arthur. He landed at Dover and there the evil tidings were told him, how the King had met his death at the hands of his traitor nephew. Then was Sir Lancelot's heart nigh broken for grief.

"Alas!" he cried, "that I should live to know my King overthrown by such a felon! What have I done that I should have caused the deaths of the good knights Sir Gareth, Sir Gaheris and Sir Gawain, and yet that such a villain should escape my sword!"

Then he desired to be led to Sir Gawain's tomb where he remained long in prayer and in great lamentation; after which, he called to him his kinsmen and friends and said to them:

"My fair lords, I thank you all most heartily that, of your courtesy, ye came with me to this land. That we be come too late is a misfortune that might not be avoided, though I shall mourn it my life long. And now I will ride forth alone to find my lady the Queen in the West, whither men say she has fled. Wait for me, I pray you, for fifteen days and then, if ye hear naught of me, return to your own lands."

So Sir Lancelot rode forth alone, nor would he suffer any to follow him despite their prayers and entreaties.

Thus he rode some seven or eight days until, at the last, he came to a nunnery where he saw in the cloister many nuns waiting on a fair lady, none other, indeed, than Queen Guinevere herself. And she, looking up, saw Sir Lancelot and, at the sight, grew so pale that her ladies feared for her; but she recovered and bade them go and bring Sir Lancelot to her presence. When he was come, she said to him:

"Sir Lancelot, glad am I to see thee once again that I may bid thee farewell; for in this world shall we never meet again."

"Sweet Madam," answered Sir Lancelot, "I was minded, with your leave, to bear you to my own country, where I doubt not but I should guard you well and safely from your enemies."

"Nay, Lancelot," said the Queen, "that may not be; I am resolved never to look upon the world again, but here to pass my life in prayer and in such good works as I may. But thou, do thou get back to thine own land and take a fair wife, and ye both shall ever have my prayers."

"Madam," replied Sir Lancelot, "ye know well that shall never be. And since ye are resolved to lead a life of prayer, I, too, will forsake the world if I can find hermit to share his cell with me; for ever your will has been mine."

Long and earnestly he looked upon her as he might never gaze enough; then, getting to horse, he rode slowly away.

Nor did they ever meet again in life. For Queen Guinevere abode in the great nunnery of Almesbury where Sir Lancelot had found her and presently, for the holiness of her life, was made Abbess. But Sir Lancelot, after he had left her, rode on his way till he came to the cell where Sir Bedivere dwelt with the holy hermit; and when Sir Bedivere had told him all that had befallen, of the great battle in the West, and of the passing away of Arthur, Sir Lancelot flung down his arms and implored the holy hermit to let him remain there as the servant of God. So Sir Lancelot donned the serge gown and abode in the hermitage as the priest of God.

ăms'ber i

Presently, there came riding that way the good Sir Bors, Lancelot's nephew; for, when Sir Lancelot returned not to Dover, Sir Bors and many another knight went forth in search of him. There, then, Sir Bors remained and, within a half year, there joined themselves to these three many who in former days had been fellows of the Round Table; and the fame of their piety spread far and wide.

So six years passed and then, one night, Lancelot had a vision. It seemed to him that one said to him:

"Lancelot, arise and go in haste to Almesbury. There shalt thou find Queen Guinevere dead and it shall be for thee to bury her."

Sir Lancelot arose at once and, calling his fellows to him, told them his dream. Immediately, with all haste, they set forth towards Almesbury and, arriving there the second day, found the Queen dead, as had been foretold in the vision. So with the state and ceremony befitting a great Queen, they buried her in the Abbey of Glastonbury, in that same church where, some say, King Arthur's tomb is to be found. Lancelot it was who performed the funeral rites and chanted the requiem; but when all was done, he pined away, growing weaker daily. So at the end of six weeks, he called to him his fellows and, bidding them all farewell, desired that his dead body should be conveyed to the Joyous Garde, there to be buried, for that in the church at Glastonbury he was not worthy to lie And that same night he died, and was buried, as he had desired, in his own castle. So passed from the world the bold Sir Lancelot du Lac, bravest, most courteous and most gentle of knights, whose peer the world has never seen nor ever shall.

After Sir Lancelot's death, Sir Bors and the pious knights, his companions, took their way to the Holy Land and there they died in battle against the Turk.

So ends this story of King Arthur and his noble fellowship of the Round Table.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Historical: Modred was the treacherous nephew of King Arthur. He took advantage of the king's absence from the country to stir up rebellion among his subjects and usurp the realm. Upon Arthur's return there was a great battle fought in the West, where Sir Modred was slain by the king, who himself received his death-wound.

Joyous Garde was the name of Sir Lancelot's castle.

Notes and Questions.

Why did Modred hate Sir Lancelot?

What vow did Sir Modred break when he spoke evil of Sir Lancelot?

What did Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth do when Sir Modred accused Sir Lancelot?

What vow did they keep in so doing?

Why could not King Arthur do battle for the Queen?

Why did Sir Gawain force the king to make war on Sir Lancelot?

How had Sir Gawain felt toward Sir Lancelot before this?

How did Modred's treachery at last become known to the king?

Who were the knights whom King Arthur loved the most?

What proof did Sir Lancelot give of his love for the king, even while he was at war with him?

When had King Arthur and Sir Lancelot sworn "on the field of death a deathless love"? (See Tennyson, The Coming of Arthur.)

Read lines which show that the king loved Lancelot, in spite of all that had come between them.

Read lines which show Sir Gawain's love and generosity triumphing over his desire for vengeance.

Over what did King Arthur grieve when he lay wounded after the "battle in the west"?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"gainsay"
"forebodings"
"noised abroad"
"ill counsel"
"churl"
"upbraided"
"boded ill"
"idle rumor"
"fasten a quarrel upon him"

THE COMING OF ARTHUR.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Leodogran, the King of Cameliard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other child;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.
For many a petty king ere Arthur came
Ruled in this isle and, ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarm'd over-seas, and harried what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less, till Arthur came.
For first Aurelius lived and fought and died,
And after him King Uther fought and died,
But either fail'd to make the kingdom one.
And after these King Arthur for a space,
And thro' the puissance of his Table Round,
Drew all their petty princedoms under him,
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reign'd.
And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
And none or few to scare or chase the beast;
So that wild dog and wolf and boar and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallow'd in the gardens of the King.
And ever and anon the wolf would steal
The children and devour, but now and then,
Her own brood lost or dead, lent her fierce breast
To human sucklings; and the children, housed
In her foul den, there at their meat would growl,
And mock their foster-mother on four feet,

Till, straighten'd, they grew up to wolf-like men
Worse than the wolves. And King Leodogran
Groan'd for the Roman legions here again
And Cæsar's eagle: then his brother king,
Urien, assail'd him: last a heathen horde,
Reddening the sun with smoke and earth with blood,
And on the spike that split the mother's heart
Spitting the child, brake on him, till, amazed,
He knew not whither he should turn for aid.

But—for he heard of Arthur newly crown'd,
Tho' not without an uproar made by those
Who cried, 'He is not Uther's son'—the King
Sent to him, saying, 'Arise, and help us thou!
For here between the man and beast we die.'

And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,
But heard the call and came: and Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass;
But since he neither wore on helm or shield
The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
But rode a simple knight among his knights,
And many of these in richer arms than he,
She saw him not, or mark'd not, if she saw,
One among many, tho' his face was bare.
But Arthur, looking downward as he past,
Felt the light of her eyes into his life
Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and pitch'd
His tents beside the forest. Then he drave
The heathen; after, slew the beast, and fell'd
The forest, letting in the sun, and made
Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight,
And so return'd.

For while he linger'd there,
A doubt that ever smolder'd in the hearts

Of those great lords and barons of his realm
Flash'd forth and into war; for most of these,
Colleaguing with a score of petty kings,
Made head against him, crying: 'Who is he
That he should rule us? who hath proven him
King Uther's son? for lo! we look at him,
And find nor face nor bearing, limbs nor voice,
Are like to those of Uther whom we knew.
This is the son of Gorloïs, not the King;
This is the son of Anton, not the King.'

And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt
Travail, and throes and agonies of the life,
Desiring to be join'd with Guinevere,
And thinking as he rode: 'Her father said
That there between the man and beast they die.
Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne and side by side with me?
What happiness to reign a lonely king,
Vext—O ye stars that shudder over me,
O earth that soundest hollow under me,
Vext with waste dreams? for saving I be join'd
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will nor work my work
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm
Victor and lord. But were I join'd with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live.'

Thereafter — as he speaks who tells the tale —
When Arthur reach'd a field of battle bright
With pitch'd pavilions of his foe, the world

Was all so clear about him that he saw
The smallest rock far on the faintest hill,
And even in high day the morning star.
So when the King had set his banner broad,
At once from either side, with trumpet-blast,
And shouts, and clarions shrilling unto blood,
The long-lanced battle let their horses run.
And now the barons and the kings prevail'd,
And now the King, as here and there that war
Went swaying; but the Powers who walk the world
Made lightnings and great thunders over him,
And dazed all eyes, till Arthur by main might,
And mightier of his hands with every blow,
And leading all his knighthood, threw the kings
Carádos, Urien, Cradlemont of Wales,
Claudius, and Clariance of Northumberland,
The King Brandagoras of Latangor,
With Anguisant of Erin, Morganore,
And Lot of Orkney. Then, before a voice
As dreadful as the shout of one who sees
To one who sins, and deems himself alone
And all the world asleep, they swerved and brake
Flying, and Arthur call'd to stay the brands
That hack'd among the flyers, 'Ho! they yield!'
So like a painted battle the war stood
Silenced, the living quiet as the dead,
And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord.
He laugh'd upon his warrior whom he loved
And honor'd most. 'Thou dost not doubt me King,
So well thine arm hath wrought for me to-day.'
'Sir and my liege,' he cried, 'the fire of God
Descends upon thee in the battle-field:
I know thee for my King!' Whereat the two,
For each had warded either in the fight,
Sware on the field of death a deathless love.

And Arthur said, 'Man's word is God in man:
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death.'

Then quickly from the foughten field he sent
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
His new-made knights, to King Leodogran,
Saying, 'If I in aught have served thee well,
Give me thy daughter Guinevere to wife.'

Whom when he heard, Leodogran in heart
Debating — 'How should I that am a king,
However much he holp me at my need,
Give my one daughter saving to a king,
And a king's son?' — lifted his voice, and call'd
A hoary man, his chamberlain, to whom
He trusted all things, and of him required
His counsel: 'Knowest thou aught of Arthur's birth?'

Then spake the hoary chamberlain and said:
'Sir King, there be but two old men that know;
And each is twice as old as I: and one
Is Merlin, the wise man that ever served
King Uther thro' his magic art; and one
Is Merlin's master — so they call him — Bleys,
Who taught him magic; but the scholar ran
Before the master, and so far that Bleys
Laid magic by, and sat him down and wrote
All things and whatsoever Merlin did
In one great annal-book, where after-years
Will learn the secret of our Arthur's birth.'

To whom the King Leodogran replied:
'O friend, had I been holpen half as well
By this King Arthur as by thee to-day,
Then beast and man had had their share of me;

But summon here before us yet once more
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere.'

Then, when they came before him, the King said:
'I have seen the cuckoo chased by lesser fowl,
And reason in the chase; but wherefore now
Do these your lords stir up the heat of war,
Some calling Arthur born of Gorloïs,
Others of Anton? Tell me, ye yourselves,
Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's son?'

And Ulfius and Brastias answer'd, 'Ay.'
Then Bedivere, the first of all his knights
Knighted by Arthur at his crowning, spake —
For bold in heart and act and word was he,
Whenever slander breathed against the King —

'Sir, there be many rumors on this head;
For there be those who hate him in their hearts,
Call him baseborn, and since his ways are sweet,
And theirs are bestial, hold him less than man;
And there be those who deem him more than man,
And dream he dropt from heaven: but my belief
In all this matter — so ye care to learn —
Sir, for ye know that in King Uther's time
The prince and warrior Gorloïs, he that held
Tintagil castle by the Cornish sea,
Was wedded with a winsome wife, Ygerne;
And daughters had she borne him,—one whereof,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent,
Hath ever like a loyal sister cleaved
To Arthur, — but a son she had not borne.
And Uther cast upon her eyes of love;
But she, a stainless wife to Gorloïs,
So loathed the bright dishonor of his love

That Gorloïs and King Uther went to war,
And overthrown was Gorloïs and slain.
Then Uther in his wrath and heat besieged
Ygerne within Tintagil, where her men,
Seeing the mighty swarm about their walls,
Left her and fled, and Uther enter'd in,
And there was none to call to but himself.
So, compass'd by the power of the King,
Enforced she was to wed him in her tears,
And with a shameful swiftness; afterward,
Not many moons, King Uther died himself,
Moaning and wailing for an heir to rule
After him, lest the realm should go to wrack.
And that same night, the night of the new year,
By reason of the bitterness and grief
That vext his mother, all before his time
Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born
Deliver'd at a secret postern-gate
To Merlin, to be holden far apart
Until his hour should come; because the lords
Of that fierce day were as the lords of this,
Wild beasts, and surely would have torn the child
Piecemeal among them, had they known; for each
But sought to rule for his own self and hand,
And many hated Uther for the sake
Of Gorloïs. Wherefore Merlin took the child,
And gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight
And ancient friend of Uther; and his wife
Nursed the young prince, and rear'd him with her own;
And no man knew. And ever since the lords
Have foughten like wild beasts among themselves,
So that the realm has gone to wrack; but now,
This year, when Merlin — for his hour had come —
Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall,
Proclaiming, "Here is Uther's heir, your king,"

A hundred voices cried: "Away with him!
No king of ours! a son of Gorloïs he;
Or else the child of Anton, and no king,
Or else baseborn." Yet Merlin thro' his craft,
And while the people clamor'd for a king,
Had Arthur crown'd; but after, the great lords
Banded, and so brake out in open war.'

Then while the King debated with himself
If Arthur were the child of shamefulness,
Or born the son of Gorloïs after death,
Or Uther's son and born before his time,
Or whether there were truth in anything
Said by these three, there came to Cameliard,
With Gawain and young Modred, her two sons,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent;
Whom as he could, not as he would, the King
Made feast for, saying, as they sat at meat:
'A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.
Ye come from Arthur's court. Victor his men
Report him! Yea, but ye — think ye this king —
So many those that hate him, and so strong,
So few his knights, however brave they be —
Hath body enow to hold his foemen down?'

'O King,' she cried, 'and I will tell thee: few,
Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him;
For I was near him when the savage yells
Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat
Crowned on the daïs, and his warriors cried,
"Be thou the king, and we will work thy will
Who love thee." Then the King in low deep tones,
And simple words of great authority,
Bound them by so strait vows to his own self
That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some

Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

'But when he spake, and cheer'd his Table Round
With large, divine, and comfortable words,
Beyond my tongue to tell thee — I beheld
From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
A momentary likeness of the King;
And ere it left their faces, thro' the cross
And those around it and the Crucified,
Down from the casement over Arthur, smote
Flame-color, vert, and azure, in three rays,
One falling upon each of three fair queens
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

'And there I saw mage Merlin,' whose vast wit
And hundred winters are but as the hands
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

'And near him stood the Lady of the Lake,
Who knows a subtler magic than his own —
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.
She gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword,
Whereby to drive the heathen out: a mist
Of incense curl'd about her, and her face
Wellnigh was hidden in the minster gloom;
But there was heard among the holy hymns
A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
Down in a deep — calm, whatsoever storms
May shake the world — and when the surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.

'There likewise I beheld Excalibur
Before him at his crowning borne, the sword
That rose from out the bosom of the lake,
And Arthur row'd across and took it — rich
With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,
Bewildering heart and eye — the blade so bright
That men are blinded by it — on one side,
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world,
"Take me," but turn the blade and ye shall see,
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,
"Cast me away!" And sad was Arthur's face
Taking it, but old Merlin counsell'd him,
"Take thou and strike! the time to cast away
Is yet far-off." So this great brand the King
Took, and by this will beat his foemen down.'

Thereat Loedogran rejoiced, but thought
To sift his doubtings to the last, and ask'd,
Fixing full eyes of question on her face,
'The swallow and the swift are near akin,
But thou art closer to this noble prince,
Being his own dear sister;' and she said,
'Daughter of Gorloïs and Ygerne am I;'
'And therefore Arthur's sister?' ask'd the King.
She answer'd, 'These be secret things,' and sign'd
To those two sons to pass, and let them be.
And Gawain went, and breaking into song
Sprang out, and follow'd by his flying hair
Ran like a colt, and leapt at all he saw;
But Modred laid his ear beside the doors,
And there half-heard — the same that afterward
Struck for the throne, and striking found his doom.

And then the Queen made answer: 'What know I?
For dark my mother was in eyes and hair,
And dark in hair and eyes am I; and dark

Was Gorloïs; yea, and dark was Uther too,
Wellnigh to blackness; but this king is fair
Beyond the race of Britons and of men.
Moreover, always in my mind I hear
A cry from out the dawning of my life,
A mother weeping, and I hear her say,
"O that ye had some brother, pretty one,
To guard thee on the rough ways of the world."'

'Ay,' said the King, 'and hear ye such a cry?
But when did Arthur chance upon thee first?'

'O King!' she cried, 'and I will tell thee true:
He found me first when yet a little maid:
Beaten I had been for a little fault
Whereof I was not guilty; and out I ran
And flung myself down on a bank of heath,
And hated this fair world and all therein,
And wept, and wish'd that I were dead; and he —
I know not whether of himself he came,
Or brought by Merlin, who, they say, can walk
Unseen at pleasure — he was at my side,
And spake sweet words, and comforted my heart,
And dried my tears, being a child with me.
And many a time he came, and evermore
As I grew greater grew with me; and sad
At times he seem'd, and sad with him was I,
Stern too at times, and then I loved him not,
But sweet again, and then I loved him well.
And now of late I see him less and less,
But those first days had golden hours for me,
For then I surely thought he would be King.

'But let me tell thee now another tale:
For Bleys, our Merlin's master, as they say,
Died but of late, and sent his cry to me,

To hear him speak before he left his life.
Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage;
And when I enter'd told me that himself
And Merlin ever served about the King,
Uther, before he died; and on the night
When Uther in Tintagil past away
Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two
Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe,
Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
Descending thro' the dismal night — a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost —
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried, "The King!
Here is an heir for Uther!" And the fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,
Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,
And all at once all round him rose in fire,
So that the child and he were clothed in fire.
And presently thereafter follow'd calm,
Free sky and stars: "And this same child," he said,
"Is he who reigns; nor could I part in peace
Till this were told." And saying this the seer
Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass of death,
Not ever to be question'd any more

Save on the further side; but when I met
Merlin, and ask'd him if these things were truth —
The shining dragon and the naked child
Descending in the glory of the seas —
He laugh'd as is his wont, and answer'd me
In riddling triplets of old time, and said: —

"'Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows:
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

'So Merlin riddling anger'd me; but thou
Fear not to give this King thine only child,
Guinevere: so great bards of him will sing
Hereafter; and dark sayings from of old
Ranging and ringing thro' the minds of men,
And echo'd by old folk beside their fires
For comfort after their wage-work is done,
Speak of the King; and Merlin in our time
Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn
Tho' men may wound him that he will not die,
But pass, again to come, and then or now
Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,
Till these and all men hail him for their king.'

She spake and King Leodogran rejoiced,
But musing 'Shall I answer yea or nay?'
Doubted, and droused, nodded and slept, and saw,
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,

Field after field, up to a height, the peak
Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,
Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope
The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was driven,
Fire glimpsed; and all the land from roof and rick,
In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,
Stream'd to the peak, and mingl'd with the haze
And made it thicker; while the phantom king
Sent out at times a voice; and here or there
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest
Slew on and burnt, crying, 'No king of ours,
No son of Uther, and no king of ours;'
Till with a wink his dream was chang'd, the haze
Descended, and the solid earth became
As nothing, but the King stood out in heaven,
Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and sent
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
Back to the court of Arthur answering yea.

Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved
And honor'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth
And bring the Queen, and watch'd him from the gates;
And Lancelot past away among the flowers —
For then was latter April — and return'd
Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere.
To whom arrived, by Dubric the high saint,
Chief of the church in Britain, and before
The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King
That morn was married, while in stainless white,
The fair beginners of a nobler time,
And glorying in their vows and him, his knights
Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy.
Far shone the fields of May thro' open door,
The sacred altar blossom'd white with May,
The Sun of May descended on their King,

They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,
Roll'd incense, and there past along the hymns
A voice as of the waters, while the two
Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless love:
And Arthur said, 'Behold, thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!'
To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes,
'King and my lord, I love thee to the death!'
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake:
'Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may thy Queen be one with thee,
And all this Order of thy Table Round
Fulfil the boundless purpose of their King!'

So Dubric said; but when they left the shrine
Great lords from Rome before the portal stood,
In scornful stillness gazing as they past;
Then while they paced a city all on fire
With sun and cloth of gold, the trumpets blew,
And Arthur's knighthood sang before the King:—

'Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May!
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow thro' the living world — "Let the King reign!"

'Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battle-axe on helm,
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand; Let the King reign!

'Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

'Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength and die the lust!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand. Let the King reign!

'Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is king, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand. Let the King reign!

'Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

'The King will follow Christ, and we the King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!'

So sang the knighthood, moving to their hall.
There at the banquet those great lords from Rome,
The slowly-fading mistress of the world,
Strode in and claim'd their tribute as of yore.
But Arthur spake: 'Behold for these have sworn
To wage my wars, and worship me their King;
The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And we that fight for our fair father Christ,
Seeing that ye be grown too weak and old
To drive the heathen from your Roman wall,
No tribute will we pay.' So those great lords
Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove with Rome.

And Arthur and his knighthood for a space
Were all one will, and thro' that strength the King
Drew in the petty princedoms under him,
Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reign'd.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Historical: "The Coming of Arthur" and "The Passing of Arthur" are taken from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," which he dedicated to the memory of Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria.

Notes and Questions.

What does Tennyson say was the condition of Britain before Arthur reigned?

What disasters had come upon King Leodogran?

Why did King Leodogran wish for the Roman legions back again?

What had he heard of King Arthur that made him believe that Arthur would come to his aid?

What did King Arthur do for King Leodogran?

What did King Arthur think he and Guinevere could do working together for their land?

Who was the warrior whom King Arthur "loved and honored most"?

What pledge did they make to each other on the battle field?

What reason did the Queen of Orkney give King Leodogran for her belief that Arthur would triumph over his enemies?

With what words did the knights hail their newly crowned king?

How were the knights affected by the ceremony of knighthood?

How did Arthur address his knights after they had taken their vows?

How did the countenances of the knights change as they listened to the king?

What reason can you give for this?

If you had read nothing else about the knights of the Round Table what would you know of them from their song on Arthur's marriage day?

What battle sounds do you hear, as you read this song?

What does the repetition of the words, "Let the King reign", do for the poem?

Which stanza do you like best?

On what did the Romans base their claim to tribute from Britain?

What answer did King Arthur give the ambassadors from Rome?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"harried"

"clarions shrilling"

"doubtful throne"

"puissance"

"fairy changeling"

"strait vows"

"mightier of his hands with every blow"

"like a painted battle the war stood"

"each had warded either in the fight"

"slow-fading mistress of the world"

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

That story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
First made and latest left of all the knights,
Told, when the man was no more than a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.
For on their march to westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King:
"I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is:
Perchance, because we see not to the close;—
For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain;
And all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death:
Nay — God my Christ — I pass but shall not die."
Then, ere that last weird battle in the west,
There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd

In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown
Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all delight!
Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.
And I am blown along a wandering wind,
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight."
And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
Their season in the night and wail their way
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call'd,
"Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,
Thine, Gawain, was the voice — are these dim cries
Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?"

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:
"O me, my King, let pass whatever will,
Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field;
But in their stead thy name and glory cling
To all high places like a golden cloud
For ever: but as yet thou shalt not pass.
Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
And care not thou for dreams from him, but rise —
I hear the steps of Modred in the west,
And with him many of thy people, and knights
Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser grown
Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.
Right well in heart they know thee for the King.
Arise, go forth and conquer as of old."

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Far other is this battle in the west
Whereto we move, than when we strove in youth,
And brake the petty kings, and fought with Rome,
Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall,
And shook him thro' the north. Ill doom is mine
To war against my people and my knights.
The king who fights his people fights himself.
And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke
That strikes them dead is as my death to me.
Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
Thro' this blind haze, which ever since I saw
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
Hath folded in the passes of the world."

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,
And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonesse —
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,
And the long mountains ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled no further fly the King;
And there, that day when the great light of heaven
Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.
A deathwhite mist slept over sand and sea:
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold

With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day
Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
Rose, and the pale King glanced across the field
Of battle; but no man was moving there;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down

Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere
And whiter than the mist that all day long
Had held the field of battle was the King:

"Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world,
And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead,
My dead, as tho' they had not died for me? —
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n
Confusion, till I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King,
Behold, I seem but King among the dead."

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: "My King,
King everywhere! and so the dead have kings,
There also will I worship thee as King.
Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
Who love thee; but who hates thee, he that brought
The heathen back among us, yonder stands,
Modred unharm'd, the traitor of thine house."

Then spake the King: "My house hath been my doom.
But call not thou this traitor of my house
Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with me.
My house are rather they who sware my vows,
Yea, even while they brake them, own'd me King.
And well for thee, saying in my dark hour,
When all the purport of my throne hath fail'd,
That quick or dead thou holdest me for King.
King am I, whatsoever be their cry;

And one last act of knighthood shalt thou see
Yet, ere I pass." And uttering this the King
Made at the man: then Modrĕd smote his liege
Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land:
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but, let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,

Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere:
Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm —
A little thing may harm a wounded man;
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,

This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,

Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence
But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,

Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne — were parch'd with dust;

Or clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow.
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, "The King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,
"He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but—if he come no more—
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,

Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Explanatory: No English poet understood better than Lord Tennyson how to get music out of a combination of words. Note how the repetition of the word "hollow" in line 3, p. 224, adds to the weird effect of Gawain's appearance.

Notes and Questions.

What comparison did King Arthur make between this "battle of the west" and the battles of past years?

What did he say of the king who fights his people?

What did he say of the strokes which smote his knights?

How far did the king's forces pursue Modred?

What picture have you of the place where this battle was fought?

How did the mist add to the horrors of this battle?

What did the king see when the wind blew the mist aside?

Read lines which describe the king's appearance at this time.

Compare the lines you have just read with this description of King Arthur at the close of his first great battle:

"And in the heart of Arthur joy
was lord.
He laugh'd upon his warrior
whom he loved
And honor'd most."

What had caused the change in the king?

Why did Sir Bedivere wish to save the sword Excalibur?

How did King Arthur regard Sir Bedivere's disobedience?

How did the king know that Sir Bedivere had at last obeyed him?

On what previous occasion had King Arthur used the words:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new"?

What did he mean by "the old order" when he first said these words?

Of what was he thinking when he used the words after this "battle in the west"?

What "good custom" did the king think was changed, lest it should do harm?

How would a city greet a king "returning from his wars"?

Have the reforms actually accomplished by King Arthur helped the world as much as the noble aims with which he inspired his knights? Give reasons for your answer.

Which will help you more?

What words show you that the king did not believe as Sir Bedivere did, that the true old times were dead?

What did Sir Bedivere mean by the "noble chance", which every morning brought to the knights of the Round Table?

Was it only in the reign of Arthur, that "every morning brought a noble chance", or was it that King Arthur taught his knights that every opportunity for service to others was a "noble chance"?

What "noble chance" does every morning still bring?

Who are the knights of today?

Commit to memory this line in which Tennyson sums up the duties of a knight:

"Live pure, speak true, right
wrong, follow the king."

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"winter of his age"
"forgotten peoples"
"petty kings"
"seething seas"
"shivered brands"
"Roman wall"
"clouded with his own conceit"
"a star of tournament"

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot.
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly

From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot:
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:

She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,

The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,

And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot;
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

HELPS TO STUDY.

Historical: Tennyson's early interest in the King Arthur legends found expression in *The Lady of Shalott*, published in 1832. In later years he wrote "The Idylls of the King," a series of poems connected with the same legends. Another version of this story as given in *The Peerless Knight Lancelot*, p. 160, was frequently told. This poem is musical and mystical and its meaning is vague and indefinite.

Notes and Questions.

What picture do you have after reading Part One?

What picture is given in Part Two? In Part Three? In Part Four?

Give an appropriate subject to each Part.

Do you think Tennyson had a reason for the order of these Parts?

What flowers, trees and farm products are mentioned?

Tell what the lady sees in the mirror.

Read lines that show the effect of the curse upon nature; upon the royal court.

Read lines that you like best.

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"willows whiten"—the under surface of the leaf is white.

"aspens quiver"—their leaves are noted for this.

"weaves"—in weaving, the "wrong" side is toward the weaver, the pattern on the "right" side being reflected from a mirror placed in front.

"greaves"—armor for the legs.

"Galaxy"—the milky-way.

"Blazoned baldric"— a belt with ornaments of heraldic designs.

PART III

GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORS.

BIOGRAPHIES.

Our interest in people usually increases as we become better acquainted with them. The select company whom we are to meet in the following pages claim not only our interest but our affection; for they are all just our own home folks, were once just plain American boys. As men most of them have, in addition to their service as writers, also served our country in important public places. It seems well, therefore, to bring together the most important facts of their lives, so that we may better appreciate their writings.

THE NEW YORK GROUP.

WASHINGTON IRVING
1783-1859

With the transferring of the capital of the United States to New York City at the close of the Revolutionary War and the rapid growth of that city in commercial importance, it became also for a time the center of literary activity. It happened that in the very year in which the Treaty of Peace that ended the Revolution was signed in Paris, there was born in this bustling city a little boy who was destined to do peaceably for American literature what the War had already done for American government and the American people—make it independent and respected among all nations. The glad mother said: "Washington's great work is done. Let us name our boy Washington"—little dreaming when thus naming him after the

Father of his Country that he should himself one day come to be called the "Father of American Letters."

On April 30, 1789, when this little boy was six years old, his father took him to Federal Hall in Wall Street to witness Washington's inauguration as the first president of the United States. It is told that President Washington laid his hand kindly on the head of his little namesake and gave him his blessing.

Young Washington Irving led a happy life, rambling in his boyhood about every nook and corner of the city and the adjacent woods, which at that time were not very far to seek, idling about the busy wharves, making occasional trips up the lordly Hudson, roaming, gun in hand, along its banks and over the neighboring Kaatskills, listening to the tales of old Dutch landlords and gossipy old Dutch housewives. When he became a young man he wove these old tales, scenes, experiences and much more that his imagination and his merry humor added, into some of the most rollicking, mirthful stories that had been read in many a day. The first of these was a burlesque "History of New York," purporting to have been found among the papers of a certain old Dutch burgher by the name of Diedrich Knickerbocker (1809). This may be said to have been his first serious work. It made him instantly famous. But better than that, it silenced the sneers of the snobbish English critics who up to that time had been asking contemptuously: "Who reads an American book?", and set them all to reading and laughing over it with the rest of the world. It also discovered to Americans as well as to foreigners what wealth of literary material this new country already possessed in its local legends and history.

Ten years later, during his residence in England (1819-20), Irving published the Sketch Book, containing the inimitable "Rip van Winkle" and the delicious "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." This may be said to mark the real beginning of American literature.

A visit to Spain resulted in "The Alhambra" and "The Life of Columbus," descriptive and historical works in which Irving won as great success as he attained with his humorous or sentimental tales. Then followed some years of quiet life at his beautiful home, Sunnyside, near Tarrytown on the Hudson, in the midst of the favorite haunts of his boyhood days and the scenes which his pen had immortalized. He was not idle, however, for a half-dozen or more works appeared during these stay-at-home years, many of them growing out of his travels through our then rapidly expanding West. Only once more did he leave his native shores, when he served as Minister to Spain, 1842-46. But through all his life he seems to have cherished a patriotic reverence for the great American whose name he bore and now, as the crowning work of his ripe old age, he devoted his last years to completing his "Life of Washington," the fifth and final volume of which appeared but a few months before his death on November 28, 1859. His genial cheerful nature shines through all his works and makes him still, as his friend Thackeray said of him in his lifetime, "beloved of all the world."

A far different boyhood had our first representative poet, William Cullen Bryant, reared among the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. Outside the district school he had little early teaching except that of his mother, and what he gave himself through the really excellent library of his father, who was a country physician. He grew up in close touch with the rugged nature and the simple farm life about him and his lonely life may have tended to make him rather more serious and thoughtful than most boys of his age. By the time he was nine years old he was putting his thoughts into verse in the stately fashion of the English poets of that time. At the age of thirteen he published "The Embargo," a political satire on President Jefferson's foreign policy, which became very popular with the opposing party. In 1811, when yet scarcely seventeen,

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
1794-1878

he wrote his "Thanatopsis," now one of the world's classics. The poem was so full of wisdom and so excellent in style that the editor of the North American Review, to whom it was sent by his father, could not be convinced that it was the work of an unknown youth, and declared that no one in America was capable of writing such poetry.

By this time he had had two years of private schooling and seven months' attendance at Williams College. He was ambitious to continue his studies at Yale, but his father's circumstances compelled him to give up that hope and to face the immediate problem of earning his own living. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1815. After a few years he went to New York, where in 1825 he became editor of the Evening Post—a position which he continued to fill with distinction for more than half a century until his death in 1878.

And yet this busy editor of a great city Daily found liesure from time to time to cultivate his love for verse and to continue to write poetry. Like Irving's stories his poems were popular with Americans because he chose for the most part American subjects taken from his own immediate surroundings and experience—the scenes and impressions of his boyhood, the flowers, the birds, the hills, the climate of his own New England. His beautiful lines "To a Waterfowl" are said to have been suggested by the flight of a lone bird across the dark evening sky, which he observed when he was walking to a neighboring village to open his first law office and which strikingly reminded him of his own situation, making his "solitary way" into an unknown world.

Though eleven years younger than Irving, his "Thanatopsis" was written only two years after the appearance of Irving's "Knickerbocker." He did no less a service for American poetry than Irving did for American prose by freeing it from the influence of English models, making it more natural and simple, and adapting it to American life. His characteristic is clear-

ness and truthfulness. His nature poems are like pictures sketched from life.

THE NEW ENGLAND GROUP.

The next group of writers takes us to New England under the influence of Harvard University and the brilliant group of men attracted to that center of learning. This home of the Puritans regained during the middle of the nineteenth century some of the literary leadership it had lost at our first breaking away from Old England. The center of this group was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who, though born in Portland, Maine, had been called from the professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin College, his alma mater, to a professorship at Harvard in 1836. He is described as having been a model boy, handsome, gentle, pure-minded and noble. He had spent four years in Europe in special preparation for his position at Bowdoin and another year before entering on his duties at Harvard. But while he thus became a most sympathetic and accomplished student of European culture and has greatly enriched our literature by his translations of Italian, French, German and Scandinavian masterpieces, yet none of our poets have remained more genuinely American than he, the gentlest, dearest of them all, the "poet of peace, of the home and history," and popularly known as the "Children's Poet." His "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" are national poems. His "Miles Standish" is a beautiful New England idyl in which some of his own ancestors play a part. The "Skeleton in Armor" is based on a legend of Newport, Rhode Island. His lyrics, such as "The Day is Done," "The Rainy Day," "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith" and others, breathe the genial kindly spirit of his own character. The "Tales of a Wayside Inn" have an actual inn at Sudbury for their scene and many of the characters are said to be actual portraits of Longfellow's own friends.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
1807-1882

The oldest of this New England group was Ralph Waldo Emerson. His father was a clergyman, and he occupied for a time a pulpit in his native city of Boston. He was a quiet, rather delicate boy of a somewhat melancholy nature. But that he was a boy of high ambitions and sturdy determination is shown by the fact that he worked his own way through college. He is best known by his Essays, full of noble ideas and wise philosophy, and stated in simple, vigorous language. He was an intense hater of sham and servility and by his stirring calls to honesty and independence did much to free America from the tendency, still too prevalent in his time, of looking to England for her fashions not only in dress and manners, but also in her ways of thinking and writing. As a poet he is the very opposite of Poe, careless of his measure, making his lines often purposely rugged and inharmonious, but always charged and bristling with thoughts that shock and thrill like electric batteries. In 1836 he wrote the "Concord Hymn" containing the famous lines:

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
1803-1882

"Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world!"

His poems of nature are clear-cut and vivid as snapshots. "The Humble Bee," as a critic puts it, "seems almost to shine with the heat and light of summer."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was our first great writer of pure romance, that is fiction in which love and adventure play the important parts, and he remains today unsurpassed in that field. His ancestors were men of action, soldiers, seamen and public officials. But he was a diffident boy, and all his life a dreamer who loved seclusion better than society. Like Irving, he based most of his stories on local traditions and history, many of them of his native town, Salem. He idealized New England

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
1804-1864

as Irving did New Amsterdam. Besides his longer romances he popularized New England history in the form of stories for children, one of which, "Grandfather's Chair," contains the chapter, "The Pine Tree Shillings." However, one of his romances, "The Marble Faun," has a foreign setting.

James Russell Lowell, the youngest of the New Englanders represented in our list, comes of one of the oldest and most influential families. Born in an atmosphere of learning, in the old family home in historic Cambridge, at the very doors of Harvard College, he enjoyed every advantage for culture that inherited tastes, ample means and convenient opportunity could offer. Besides the facilities of the near-by college, his father's library in which he roamed at will from his very infancy, was one of the richest in the whole country. It is not strange then, that he grew to be one of the most scholarly Americans of his time.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
1819-1891

After leaving college he studied law in a listless sort of way and opened an office in Boston, but did not for a time show evidence of any remarkable talent or strength of character. He became deeply interested in the political issues of the times and was thus stirred to his first serious efforts in literature. In 1848 appeared his "Vision of Sir Launfal," founded upon the legend of the Holy Grail, and one of the most spiritually beautiful poems in any literature. Few patriotic poems surpass his "Commemoration Ode." Besides his poetical works he wrote many essays, books of travel and of criticism; succeeded Longfellow in his professorship at Harvard, and was the first editor of the Atlantic Monthly magazine. He served successively as Minister to Spain and to England.

Near the little town of Haverhill in the extreme northeast corner of Massachusetts in the same county with Salem, the birthplace of Hawthorne, still stands the old farmhouse built by the poet's great-great-grandfather, in which John Greenleaf Whittier was born in 1807, the same year as Longfellow. His

contributor, and the result was a series of articles entitled "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." This was followed later by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table." Among his poems, the best known are his "Chambered Nautilus," "The Deacon's Masterpiece" (The One Hoss Shay), and his short poems in celebration of various occasions. Among these are some forty poems read at the various anniversaries of his class, notably the one beginning:

"Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys?"

in which he refers playfully to the author of "America" as one whom

"Fate tried to conceal by naming him Smith."

He wrote several novels, but it is as the author of the "Autocrat" series and by his humorous poems that he will be best remembered by his readers. By his personal associates he was most fondly remembered for his sunny, cheerful disposition and his witty conversation.

THE SOUTHERN GROUP.

We come now to a poet who stands alone, belonging to no place or group, scarcely to any country, for he is better known and more honored throughout Europe than in America. His parents belonged by profession to the stage, his mother English and his father American by birth. Born in Boston, left an orphan at an early age and adopted by a Mr. Allan, a wealthy citizen of Richmond, Virginia, he was sent to school in London, at the University of Virginia and at West Point, and lived by turns in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, but after lavishing money and other inducements upon him in vain efforts to get him to settle down to a permanent profession his foster-

EDGAR ALLAN POE
1809-1849

father finally abandoned him to his own resources. He eked out a living by publishing his poems and tales, by contributions to newspapers and magazines and by editorial work. But he was of too capricious a temper and too erratic in his habits to retain long either positions or friends. His writings were pervaded by his character—weird, mysterious, haunted by brooding melancholy. But his poetry is perhaps the most purely musical of any in our language—for Poe believed poetry to be the language of the feelings rather than of thought, and that it should therefore seek to produce its effects through its "harmony of sweet sounds" rather than through the meaning of its lines. His prose tales of mystery and adventure have served as models for many well known writers.

Mysteriously as he had lived, his fitful, troubled life ended at Baltimore, in 1849, in the fortieth year of his age. The pathos of it is well summed up in the inscription on a memorial tablet erected to him in the New York Museum of Art: "He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death, but in his fame, immortal."

No fitter representative of the South could be selected for this group than Sidney Lanier. He was a native of Georgia, and when a mere lad, just out of college, entered the Confederate army and faithfully devoted the most precious years of his life to that service. His few remaining years were a constant struggle with poverty and with the dread "White Plague," which he had perhaps contracted in a military prison. He was a talented musician, and often found it necessary to supplement the earnings of his pen by playing in an orchestra. His thorough knowledge and fine sense of music also appear in his masterly treatise on the "Science of English Verse." During his last years he held a lectureship on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore. He has been compared with Poe in the exquisite melody of his verse, while in unaffected simplicity and in truthfulness to nature he is not surpassed by

SIDNEY LANIER
1842-1881

Bryant or Whittier. His prose as well as his poetry breathes the very spirit of his sunny southland. In his "Bob" one catches the liquid notes of the mocking-bird, and in such lyrics as the "Song of the Chattahoochee" and "The Marshes of Glynn," one scents the balsam of the Georgia pines among which he lived, and the odor of magnolia groves and jassamine and wild honeysuckle.

SELECTIONS
FROM
GREAT AMERICAN AUTHORS.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

WASHINGTON IRVING.*

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

—CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides

* For Biography see p. 245.

through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary war; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the church-yard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs, remain fixed; while the great torrent

of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters;

so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burthen off the backs of the weak and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents," and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted

for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half

a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver tea-pot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the church-yard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's history of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both

had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whip-poor-will* from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless

*The whip-poor-will is a bird which is only heard at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble those words.

horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening

in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy cheeked as one of her father's peaches; and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those every thing was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the

eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the

orchards burthened with ruddy fruit which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs, and dark mahogany tables, shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various

colored birds' eggs were suspended above it: a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily-conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined, all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a

Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and, with the ascendency which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good will; and when any madcap prank, or rustic brawl, occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse: not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and

admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him: he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse"; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones, and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy: so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches of the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities

of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferrule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped

over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy of their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight-errant, in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grass-

hoppers; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note, and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue-jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight

over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast, and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a

spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long waisted short-gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed, throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces, not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens;

together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle;

and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eye-balls, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White-plains, being an excellent master of defense, parried a musket ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it

whiz around the blade, and glance off at the hilt: in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats, but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had

been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the church-yard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it

too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-a-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chop-fallen.—Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his

steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled, and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known

by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside

against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight com-

panion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror struck, on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way,

and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The

boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook, but no school-master. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the school-master was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dogs' ears; and a broken pitchpipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips

were collected in the church-yard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York, on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border

of the mill-pond. The school-house being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What does Irving say about Sleepy Hollow?

What kind of people lived in this valley?

What effect did the atmosphere have upon all who entered the valley?

To what does the author compare such a retired spot as this?

How does the scene of the story suit the character of the tale?

Do you think the author made the story fit the place or the place fit the story?

Does he give an exact description of Ichabod?

Why does Irving exaggerate Ichabod's peculiarities?

What stories did Ichabod enjoy?

What effect did these have upon him?

For what is the author preparing the reader when he tells this?

How did the country women account for Ichabod's disappearance.

How do you account for it?

What part do you think Brom Bones had to do with his disappearance?

What part did the pumpkin play?

Read the lines which describe the costumes worn at the "quilting frolic."

Read lines which show Irving's love of nature.

From reading this story what would you say of Irving's power to describe nature?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"Cotton Mather" "Major André" "Achilles"
"knight-errant" "chivalry" "harbinger"
"contraband articles" "itinerant"

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.*

1

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

2

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

3

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:

* For Biography see p. 247.

We talk the battle over,
  And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
  As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
  To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
  That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly,
  On beds of oaken leaves.

4

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
  The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
  Across the moonlight plains;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
  That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp—
  A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
  Before the peep of day.

5

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
  Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
  For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
  With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
  And tears like those of spring.

For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Historical: General Francis Marion of South Carolina, with a small band of daring men, kept up an irregular but successful warfare against the British troops. His exploits became famous. On account of these adventurous maneuvers he was called the "Swamp Fox." After the war closed he resumed the life of a farmer.

Notes and Questions.

For what great cause did Marion's men fight?
What does the word "band" tell you about these men?
What part of our country is described in this poem?
Read the lines which tell you this.
How do seamen know their way on the ocean?
How do woodsmen know their way in the forest?
What does the second stanza tell you of Marion's method of attack?
Which would you prefer to win, such a victory as this, or a victory on the open field in the light of day?
When do you think Marion's men enjoyed the hours described in the third stanza?
When does the wind seem to grieve?
Can you think of any reason why Bryant should speak of the wind grieving in the pine-top rather than in the oak-top?
What do you think was the poet's reason for repeating the words "grave men" in the last stanza?
Why should men have been grave at the time to which this poem refers?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"cypress-tree" "reedy" "morass"
"glades" "deem" "hollow wind"
"As if a hunt were up" "Their hearts are all with Marion."

THE HURRICANE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!
And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails;
Silent, and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot atmosphere
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.
They darken fast—and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard,
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.
He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!—
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold, at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space.
Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear

The dust of the plains to the middle air:
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.
What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks,
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What time of the year did this storm occur?

Read lines which tell this.

With what feelings did Bryant wait for the hurricane?

To what does the pronoun "he" in line six refer?

Read the lines which picture the coming of the hurricane.

How did the "world below" await the coming of the hurricane?

Mention the various forms of animal life which Bryant might have had in mind when he used the expression "world below."

To what does the word "they" with which line thirteen opens refer?

To what does the word "he" in line fifteen refer?

What does the word "covert" mean?

Where do you think the birds went?

What word tells you that the birds were frightened?

How do the forests "answer the sound" of the hurricane?

Where did Bryant see the "huge and writhing arms" of the hurricane?

How does line twenty-five differ from other lines that follow it?

What caused the darkness described in the opening words of line thirty-one.

What is a chariot?

To what does the poet compare the thunder?

To what is the lightning compared?

What do lines thirteen to twenty describe?

What picture do the words "whirling ocean" make for you?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"thrill"	"hues"	"fire bolts"	"boundless arch"
"lurid"	"writhing"	"crystal"	"golden blaze"
"haze"	"zone"	"burning sky"	"airy lakes"

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.*

I.

MILES STANDISH.

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.

* For Biography see p. 249.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here,
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!"
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straight-forward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the May Flower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May Flower,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

II.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,

Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards,
Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!"
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:
"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."
"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!
Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;
Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!
Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;

Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the May Flower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth:
"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:
"'T is not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother

Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:
"Such a message as that I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:

"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"
Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.

All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying fleet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,

Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,

Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snowstorm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!

So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Springtime,
Talked of their friends at home, and the May Flower that sailed on the morrow.
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth:—"Indeed I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,

But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—
Had no time for such things;—such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,

Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

IV.

JOHN ALDEN.

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;

Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us?
Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the victor?"
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord!"—and he thought of David's transgression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:
"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the May Flower riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay, Sir!"
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.
"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,

Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor!
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness,—
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.
"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened."

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,

Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?
Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping
I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,—
You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter!
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,

Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.

This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted;
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
Then outspoke Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger:
"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"
Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:
"Not so thought St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"
Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

V.

THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.
Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the May Flower;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.

Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May Flower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber.
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;
Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;

Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!"
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,—
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,—
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon,
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions.
But his pride overmastered the noble nature within him,—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!
"Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,

Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, nor air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the May Flower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the May Flower sailed from the harbor,

Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed and thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI.

PRISCILLA.

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?" said she.
"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"

Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:

"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."
"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;
"No; you are angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.
It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:

"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"
"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,
"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,

Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:
"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May Flower,
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,—
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how much he had suffered,—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the May Flower,

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,—
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
"Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore,
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!
Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?
'T was but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless;
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breast-plate and sabre and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.

"Welcome, English!" they said,—these words they had learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?'"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish:

While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered:
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,

Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened, the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket.
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling at length, he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:
"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature,—
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;

Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

VIII.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

Month after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with mere-stead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber roughhewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;

Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard:
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.
"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:
"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,

Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the tidings,—
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered

Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming:
"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX.

THE WEDDING DAY.

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also

Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence.
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement

Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us,—
All save the dear, old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage,—
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"
Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,

Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the seashore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noon-day;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,

Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said, with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

How long had the Pilgrims been in their new home at the time this story opens?

What tells you this?
Find lines which tell how hard the first winter had been.

What books were most conspicuous on the Captain's bookshelf?

What tells you that the Captain had read his Caesar many times?

What did he learn from Caesar's victories?

What excuse did he make, later, for not acting upon this principle?

Read the words in which John Alden tells why he will undertake the Captain's errand.

What do you think of Alden's description of his friend's character?

Read the lines in which Priscilla shows her love of truth and loyalty.

When does Miles Standish show himself most noble?

Learn John Alden's words of forgiveness.

Who is the real hero of this poem?

Why do the Pilgrims seem more real when we read this poem than when we read of them in history?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw and exclaimed, 'Not Angles, but Angels.'"

"Flaked with patches of snow"

"Steel blue rim of the ocean"

"The name of friendship is sacred"

"Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol."

THE BUILDERS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1

All are architects of Fate,
  Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
  Some with ornaments of rhyme.

2

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

3

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

4

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

5

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

6

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

7

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

8

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

9

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What is the "structure that we raise"?
What line tells us that we must build whether we wish to do so or not?
What lines show that we choose the kind of structure that we raise?
Upon what does the beauty of the "blocks" depend?
What could cause a "yawning gap"?
By whom are the massive deeds performed?
By whom are "ornaments of rhyme" made?
Explain what is meant by the "elder days of Art"?
Name some works which belong to that time.

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"architects of fate" "idle show" "reach of sky"
"walls of time" "vast plain"

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
  Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
  Why dost thou haunt me?"

2

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
  Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
  From the heart's chamber.

3

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
  No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
  For this I sought thee.

4

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

5

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

6

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With marauders.
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

7

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,

As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

8

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

9

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

10

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

11

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

12

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

13

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

14

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;

And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
  Laugh as he hailed us.

15

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail
  Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
  Through the black water!

16

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
  With his prey laden;
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
  Bore I the maiden.

17

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
  Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
  Stands looking seaward.

18

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
  She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
  On such another!

19

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
  The sunlight hateful.
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
  O, death was grateful!

20

Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
  My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
  —Thus the tale ended.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Historical: This poem was first published in The Knickerbocker Magazine. Longfellow invented the legend, using two historic facts as a basis. One of these was the old tower at Newport, supposed to have been built by the Northmen; the other was the discovery at Fall River of a skeleton clothed in armor, probably that of an In-

dian. In the poem Longfellow regards it as that of a Northman. The skeleton was discovered in 1835 and Longfellow's poem appeared in 1841.

Notes and Questions.

In the first stanza who is speaking?

What comparisons are made in the second stanza?

Point out stanzas that show the old Viking's daring and recklessness.

Read stanzas that show his courage.

Read stanzas that show his love and tenderness.

Find the Baltic on your map.

Explain:

"As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale."

What led the old Viking to end his life?

What other poem of adventure have you read?

What do you think of Longfellow as an imaginative writer?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"cavernous"

"gleam"

"strand"

"corsair"

"marauders"

"cormorant"

"ger-falcon" (gyrfalcon)

"were-wolf"

"Wrapt in Eastern balms"—refers to Egyptian method of embalming.

"Viking"—one who belongs to a Norse pirate crew.

"Skald"—a Scandinavian poet who sings of the heroic deeds of his people.

"Saga"—a Scandinavian legend.

"Wassail-bout"—a drinking to health, a carousal.

"Berserk"—a legendary hero.

"Skaw"—the name of a cape at the extremity of Jutland, Denmark.

"Skoal"—a Scandinavian word used in salutation, corresponding to our English word, Hail.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

2

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

3

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

4

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

5

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drum made of serpent's skin;

6

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;

The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

7

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

8

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

9

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

10

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

11

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

12

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

With what comparison does the poet begin?
Point out the fitness of the figure as it relates to "pipes" and "keys," "anthem" and "symphonies."
What does the poet tell in stanzas two to seven?
In stanza three, to what does "our own" refer?
In stanza eight who is addressed?
Name some of "Nature's sweet and kindly voices."
What is it "to redeem the human mind from error"?
What is "War's great organ"?
This poem contrasts peace and war. Why do you think Longfellow wrote it?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"startles" "Florentine" "teocallis" "curse of Cain" (Genesis iv, 15)
"infinite" "Aztec" "diapason"
Miserere—"a musical composition adapted to the Fifty-first Psalm.
Saxon hammer—the Saxon's battle-ax.
Tartar gong—the war bells of the Tartars.
Cimbric—relates to Cimbri, an ancient tribe of Germany.

THE DAY IS DONE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

2

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

3

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

4

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

5

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

6

For, like the strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

7

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

8

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

9

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

10

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

11

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

Why is Night begun with a capital?
What comparison is made in the first stanza?
What things are compared in the third stanza?
In the fifth stanza Time has a capital. Why?
What is meant by "distant footsteps"?
Who are the "good old masters"?
What are the "corridors of time"?
What comparisons are made in the seventh stanza?
What things are compared in the ninth stanza?
What other title could we give this poem?
Which stanza is most beautiful?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"gleam"
"martial"
"humbler"
"gushed"
"benediction"
"treasured"
"infest the day"

HYMN.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.*

1

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

2

The foe long since in silence slept,
Alike the Conqueror silent sleeps,
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

3

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When like our sires our sons are gone.

4

Spirit! who made those freemen dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Historical: Emerson wrote this poem to celebrate the completion of a monument which marks the spot at which the battle of Concord was fought, April 19, 1775. This hymn was sung at the celebration, April 19, 1836.

Notes and Questions.

What did this battle mean to the world?

In what sense does the poet mean that it was "Heard round the world"?

* For Biography see p. 250.

What do you know of this battle that will explain the use of the expression "embattled farmers"?

What is meant by the "votive stone" of the third stanza?

For what purpose was it erected?

To whom does the pronoun "their" in the third stanza refer?

What does the word "votive" tell us about the memorial?

How may memory redeem the deed? How will this poem help?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"When, like our sires, our sons are gone."

FORBEARANCE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun;
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk;
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse;
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust;
And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?—
O be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What birds can you name when you see them?

How did you learn to know these birds?

Why is it difficult to study birds when they are free?

What qualities are necessary in the person who tries to study birds?

What do you do when you see a wild flower which you admire?

What word in the second line shows why it is hard to refrain from plucking the wood-rose?

What things are contrasted in the third line?

What do you think of the action described in the fourth line?

What is meant by "high behavior"?

What stories of high behavior have you read in this book?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"bread and pulse" "heart of trust" "high behavior"

A RILL FROM THE TOWN-PUMP.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.*

Noon by the north clock! Noon by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town-officers chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains for a single year the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed in perpetuity upon the town-pump? The title of "town-treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk by promulgating public notices when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother-officers by the cool, steady, upright, downright and impartial discharge of my business and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain, for all day long I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike, and at night I hold a lantern over my head both to show where I am and keep people out of the gutters. At this sultry noontide I am cup-bearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dramseller on the mall at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents and at the very tiptop of my voice.

Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up,

* For Biography see p. 250.

walk up, gentlemen! Walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come.—A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat.—You, my friend, will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles today, and like a wise man have passed by the taverns and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine.—Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet and is converted quite to steam in the miniature Tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-bye; and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.—Who next?—Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school and come hither to scrub your blooming face and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the town-pump? Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart

and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child! put down the cup and yield your place to this elderly gentleman who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars.—Well, well, sir, no harm done, I hope? Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout it is all one to the town-pump. This thirsty dog with his red tongue lolling out does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again!—Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends, and while my spout has a moment's leisure I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it from time immemorial till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch-bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the washbowl, of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted to purify their visages and gaze at them afterward—at least, the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath-days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here and

placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides and cartloads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But in the course of time a town-pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink and be refreshed. The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water—too little valued since your father's days—be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence and spout forth a stream of water to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece and they can afford time to breathe it in with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient

for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women you will find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing-days, though on that account alone I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me, also, to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the town-pump and found me always at my post firm amid the confusion and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick, or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water—the TOWN-PUMP and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter herself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength.

Until now the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son and rekindled in every generation by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life and lie down not reluctantly at its protracted close. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were and are to be by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying, especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived till now what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake; hereafter they shall have the business to themselves.—Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle.—Thank you, sir!—My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor-casks into one great pile and make a bonfire in honor of the town-pump. And when I shall have decayed like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain richly sculptured take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now, listen, for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends I know they are—who nevertheless by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement and the loss of the treasure which I guard.—I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance and take up the honorable cause of the town-pump, in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy-

bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified than by plunging slapdash into hot water and woefully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes, of the world around me to reach that deep, calm well of purity which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old!—Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go, and forget not in a glass of my own liquor to drink "SUCCESS TO THE TOWN-PUMP."

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

Why do you think the author selected noon as the time for the Town Pump's speech?

Show what claim the Pump has to the various offices which he says he holds.

What different classes of persons are represented as coming to the Pump?

What animals quench their thirst there?

Which one of these pictures do you see most plainly?

What story does the Pump tell?

What does he mean by the "gem of the wilderness"?

Where is it now treasured?

What does the pump say is the moral of his story?

What does he show to be the best way to bring about any needed reform?

Why may the Town Pump as well hold his peace when the dinner bell speaks?

Does the speech of the Pump sound natural, that is, as if someone were really talking?

What does the title mean?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"Endicott"
"Winthrop"
"Higginson"
"Hippocrates"
"Rachel"
"Indian sagamore"
"unadulterated ale of father Adam"
"fatal deluge of the fire-water"
"The richest goblet, then, was of birch-bark."

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"According to the most authentic records, my dear children," said Grandfather, "the chair about this time had the misfortune to break its leg. It was probably on account of this accident that it ceased to be the seat of the governors of Massachusetts, for, assuredly, it would have been ominous of evil to the commonwealth if the chair of state had tottered upon three legs. Being therefore sold at auction—alas! what a vicissitude for a chair that had figured in such high company!—our venerable friend was knocked down to a certain Captain John Hull. This old gentleman, on carefully examining the maimed chair, discovered that its broken leg might be clamped with iron and made as serviceable as ever."

"Here is the very leg that was broken!" exclaimed Charley, throwing himself down on the floor to look at it. "And here are the iron clamps. How well it was mended!"

When they had all sufficiently examined the broken leg Grandfather told them a story about Captain John Hull and

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

The Captain John Hull aforesaid was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business, for in the earlier days of the

colony the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bear-skin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam-shells, and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers, so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court,—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date 1652 on the one

side and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint-master had grown very rich a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding-day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences, and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair, and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the op-

posite side of the room, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man, and so thought the bridemaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities, and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began

to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver."

The children laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but that Grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully, however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and had merely tried to tell it in a somewhat funnier style. As for Samuel Sewell, he afterward became chief justice of Massachusetts.

"Well, Grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding portions nowadays were paid as Miss Betsey's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

When was the coinage of money established in Massachusetts?

How was it established? Why?

Why was this money called "Pine Tree Shillings"?

How was the mint-master paid for his services?

Tell the romance connected with this story?

Does Massachusetts coin money now?

What do we call the head of the money department of our government?

Can you locate any of the government mints?

Where did the silver come from in the days of John Hull?

Where do the government mints get their silver for coining money?

To what position did Samuel Sewell attain?

Words and Phrases for Discussion

"commodities"	"buccaneers"	"ponderous"
"specie"	"magistrates"	"legend"
"pirates"	"personable"	

THE HERITAGE.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

1

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

2

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

3

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;

* For Biography see p. 251.

A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

4

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

5

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

7

O, rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,—

This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to be,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

8

O, poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign,
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

9

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What is a heritage?
What are the "piles of brick and stone" which the rich man's son inherits?
What cares does he inherit?
What picture is contrasted with the picture of the rich man's son in his easy chair?
What makes these pictures so vivid?
Of what does the rich man's son be weary?
Read the line in the fifth stanza which tells from what content comes?
Read the line which tells how the poor man's rank is determined?
What does the word "toil-won" mean?
How can the heart sing?
How can others tell if your heart sings in your work?
What word may we use instead of "fellow-feeling"?

Which of the qualities mentioned in the sixth stanza do you most admire? Why?

Does Lowell mean that every poor man's son has these virtues or that the poor boy may have them if he will?

What great opportunity has the rich man's son?

What "worse weariness" is there than that which follows toil?

What vast heritage may both the rich man's son and the poor man's son claim?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"sated" "o'erjoyed" "To make the outcast bless his door."
"toiling hands" "well-filled past"
"benign" "to hold in fee"
"craves" "prove title"

THE FATHERLAND.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
O, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

2

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
O, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

3

Where'er a human heart doth wear
  Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
  Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world's wide fatherland!

4

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
  Where'er one man may help another,—
  Thank God for such a birthright, brother,
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

How many questions are asked in the first stanza?

Which of these questions is answered by "Oh, yes"?

To what do the words "such scant borders" refer?

Which of the questions in the second stanza is answered by "Oh, yes"?

What have you noticed about the fifth and sixth lines of each of these stanzas?

What does this add to the poem?

Myrtle was used by the Greeks to make a wreath for the victor in battles or in games.

How does the poet use this fact?

What are gyves?

With what word in the preceding stanza does the word "gyves" form a contrast?

Why may sorrow be compared to gyves?

What is a birthright?

Whom does the poet address as "brother" in the last stanza?

What is the birthright for which we should thank God?

Why should the true man feel that his fatherland is world-wide?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"fatherland" "yearning" "scorn" "world-wide"

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1

There came a youth upon the earth,
  Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

2

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
  He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

3

Then King Admetus, one who had
  Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

4

And so, well-pleased with being soothed
  Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

5

His words were simple words enough,
  And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

6

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

7

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

8

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

9

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

10

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

11

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Historical: The Greeks thought there were twelve great gods and goddesses who lived on Mt. Olympus. Chief among these was Jupiter. Apollo, one of the sons of Jupiter, was lord of the day and was the god of music and poetry. He founded cities and made wise and just laws.

Apollo's son, Æsculapius, became so skillful a physician that he could restore the dead to life. Pluto, the god of the under-world, thought this lessened his power over the dead and he persuaded Jupiter to kill Æsculapius with a thunderbolt.

Apollo, enraged at the death of his son, killed the men who made the thunderbolt, but as punishment for this act of injustice, Jupiter condemned him to spend a year upon earth, as servant to a mortal.

In this poem Lowell pictures the life of Apollo among men.

Notes and Questions.

What occupations are mentioned in the poem?

How does Lowell account for the king's "pure taste" in music?

What does the smoothing of the beard add to the picture which Lowell has made of the king?

What do you think the shepherd was doing when men thought him idle?

What do you think he saw in a "common flower" which other men did not see?

To what "dear common flower" did Lowell address a beautiful poem?

The poet Tennyson once said of a little flower:

"But if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Read the lines which tell what the memory of the shepherd's life did for others when he was gone?

What words in the last stanza tell you that the shepherd was a poet?

What does the word "first-born" tell you about him?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"right divine"
"viceroy"
"some thousand years ago"
"slim grace"
"unwittingly"
"sweet half-sleep"
"They made his careless words their law."

MAUD MULLER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

2

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

3

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee,
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

4

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

5

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

6

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

7

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

8

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

9

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

10

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up
And filled for him her small tin cup,

11

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

12

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

13

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

14

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

15

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

16

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

17

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

18

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

19

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

20

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

21

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

22

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

23

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

24

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

25

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

26

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

27

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

28

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

29

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

30

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

31

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

32

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

33

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

34

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

35

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

36

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

37

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

38

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

39

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

40

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

41

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

42

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot,
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

43

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

44

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

45

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

46

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

47

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

48

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

49

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

50

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

51

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

52

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

53

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

54

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

55

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

Describe Maud Muller as she appears in the first three stanzas?

How did she feel as she looked at the "far-off town"?

What does the sixth stanza tell us the town represented to Maud Muller?

How much of this feeling do you think was due to the fact that she knew so little of the city?

What do her plans for using wealth tell you of her character?

What did the country represent to the Judge? Read lines that tell you.

How much of the Judge's longing for country life was due to the fact that he knew so little about it?

Do you think he would have been contented if he had become a "harvester of hay"? Give your reasons.

Read the stanza that you like best.

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs"

"The weary wheel to a spinnet turned"

"rustic health"

"garnished rooms"

"rich repiner"

"stately halls"

"astral"

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.*

1

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land:
O tell us what its name may be,—
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

2

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

3

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light,—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

* For Biography see p. 253.

4

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

5

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

Which line in the first stanza answers the question with which the poem opens?

How many "burning stars" does our flag contain?

How many "flaming bands" does it show?

What land is meant by the "sunset land"?

Do you like this name? Why?

What words that the poet used in the preceding line justify the use of the word "kindles"?

How far back in history must we go to find the seed-time of the Flower of Liberty?

In what land did the Flower of Liberty burst into full bloom?

How does the poet show that the North and the South unite as one in the flag?

What word shows that the states are united?

What implied comparison in the third stanza makes it so beautiful?

Who are the heroes who defend the Flower of Liberty?

What do the colors in the flag mean?
How may the flag be true to these colors?
Learn the last stanza of the poem.

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"lonely sentries"
"spangled o'er its azure"
"And plants an empire on the sea"
"crimson dew"

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

2

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

3

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

4

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,

I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

5

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

6

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

7

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

8

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

Does the poet expect us to believe this story?

Do you think Holmes enjoyed writing this poem as much as we enjoy reading it?

What have the humorists done for the world?

From his poems do you think Holmes could be very much in earnest?

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"wondrous merry" "Albeit" "mighty limb"
"upon the grin" "chuckling noise"

THE ISLAND OF THE FAY.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

It was during one of my lonely journeyings, amid a far distant region of mountain locked within mountain, and sad rivers and melancholy tarns writhing or sleeping within all—that I chanced upon a certain rivulet and island. I came upon them suddenly in the leafy June, and threw myself upon the turf, beneath the branches of an unknown odorous shrub, that I might doze as I contemplated the scene. I felt that thus only should I look upon it—such was the character of phantasm which it wore.

On all sides—save to the west, where the sun was about sinking—arose the verdant walls of the forest. The little river, which turned sharply in its course, and was thus immediately lost to sight, seemed to have no exit from its prison, but to be absorbed by the deep green foliage of the trees to the east—while in the opposite quarter (so it appeared to me as I lay at length and glanced upward), there poured down noiselessly and continuously into the valley a rich golden and crimson waterfall from the sunset fountains of the sky.

About midway in the short vista which my dreamy vision took in, one small circular island, profusely verdured, reposed upon the bosom of the stream.

> "So blended bank and shadow there
> That each seemed pendulous in air."

---

* For Biography see p. 254.

So mirror-like was the glassy water, that it was scarcely possible to say at what point upon the slope of the emerald turf its crystal dominion began.

My position enabled me to include in a single view both the eastern and western extremities of the islet, and I observed a singularly marked difference in their aspects. The latter was all one radiant harem of garden beauties. It glowed and blushed beneath the eyes of the slant sunlight, and fairly laughed with flowers. The grass was short, springy, sweet-scented, and asphodel-interspersed. The trees were lithe, mirthful, erect—bright, slender, and graceful—of eastern figure and foliage, with bark smooth, glossy, and parti-colored. There seemed a deep sense of life and joy about all; and although no airs blew from out the heavens, yet everything had motion through the gentle sweepings to and fro of innumerable butterflies, that might have been mistaken for tulips with wings.

The other or eastern end of the isle was whelmed in the blackest shade. A sombre, yet beautiful and peaceful gloom here pervaded all things. The trees were dark in color, and mournful in form and attitude, wreathing themselves into sad, solemn, and spectral shapes that conveyed ideas of mortal sorrow and untimely death. The grass wore the deep tint of the cypress, and the heads of its blades hung droopingly, and hither and thither among it were many small unsightly hillocks, low and narrow, and not very long, that had the aspect of graves, but were not; although over and all about them the rue and the rosemary clambered. The shade of the trees fell heavily upon the water, and seemed to bury itself therein, impregnating the depths of the element with darkness. I fancied that each shadow, as the sun descended lower and lower, separated itself sullenly from the trunk that gave it birth, and thus became absorbed by the stream; while other shadows issued momently from the trees, taking the place of their predecessors thus entombed.

This idea, having once seized upon my fancy, greatly ex-

cited it, and I lost myself forthwith in revery. "If ever island were enchanted," said I to myself, "this is it. This is the haunt of the few gentle Fays who remain from the wreck of the race. Are these green tombs theirs?—or do they yield up their sweet lives as mankind yield up their own? In dying, do they not rather waste away mournfully, rendering unto God, little by little, their existence, as these trees render up shadow after shadow, exhausting their substance unto dissolution? What the wasting tree is to the water that imbibes its shade, growing thus blacker by what it preys upon, may not the life of the Fay be to the death which engulfs it?"

As I thus mused, with half-shut eyes, while the sun sank rapidly to rest, and eddying currents careered round and round the island, bearing upon their bosom large, dazzling, white flakes of the bark of the sycamore—flakes which, in their multiform positions upon the water, a quick imagination might have converted into anything it pleased,—while I thus mused, it appeared to me that the form of one of those very Fays about whom I had been pondering made its way slowly into the darkness from out the light at the western end of the island. She stood erect in a singularly fragile canoe, and urged it with the mere phantom of an oar. While within the influence of the lingering sunbeams her attitude seemed indicative of joy; but sorrow deformed it as she passed within the shade. Slowly she glided along, and at length rounded the islet and reëntered the region of light. "The revolution which has just been made by the Fay," continued I, musingly, "is the cycle of the brief year of her life. She was floated through her winter and through her summer. She is a year nearer unto death; for I did not fail to see that, as she came into the shade, her shadow fell from her, and was swallowed up in the dark water, making its blackness more black."

And again the boat appeared, and the Fay; but about the attitude of the latter there was more of care and uncertainty, and less of elastic joy. She floated again from out the light,

and into the gloom (which deepened momently), and again her shadow fell from her into the ebony water, and became absorbed into its blackness. And again and again she made the circuit of the island (while the sun rushed down to his slumbers), and at each issuing into the light there was more sorrow about her person, while it grew feebler, and far fainter, and more indistinct; and at each passage into the gloom there fell from her a darker shade, which became whelmed in a shadow more black. But at length, when the sun had utterly departed, the Fay, now the mere ghost of her former self, went disconsolately with her boat into the region of the ebony flood—and that she issued thence at all I cannot say, for darkness fell over all things, and I beheld her magical figure no more.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes and Questions

Do you think the author really saw the scene he describes?

What other name might he have given this beautiful description?

What does the first paragraph tell you of the island?

What picture do you have after reading the second paragraph?

What is meant by "the sunset fountains of the sky"?

How does Poe picture the "small circular island"?

What difference is pointed out between the eastern and western parts of the island?

What does the author mean by being "lost in revery"?

Tell about the appearance of the magical Fay.

What purpose do you think Poe had in writing this story?

Words and Phrases for Discussion

"phantasm"
"verdant"
"spectral"
"writhing"
"odorous"
"revery"
"multiform"
"disconsolately"
"magical"
"profusely verdured"
"lithe"
"whelmed"

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

SIDNEY LANIER.*

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
While the riotous noonday sun of the June day long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—
Aye, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn
Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain,—
Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast, sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest dark:—
So:
Affable live oak, leaning low,—
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand

* For Biography see p. 255.

On the firm-packed sand,
. Free
By a world of marsh, that borders a world of sea.
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
Of the sand beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high?
The world lies east: how ample the marsh and the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.
Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.
Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.
As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God!
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.
And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whir;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.
How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy;
The tide is at its heighest height:
And it is night.
And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous marshes of Glynn.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Notes and Questions.

What can you tell of the coastal plain in Georgia?

What effect on the poet had the "dusks of the oak" at noon?

At sunset what appealed more strongly to him?

How does the poet account for his lack of fear of the marshes now?

What tells you the season?

In the marsh region what is "lord of the land"?

What characteristics of the marshes does the poet point out?

What comparisons are found in lines fifty to fifty-five?

To what does the poet compare the extent of the marshes of Glynn?

In this region when does the flood tide come? What tells you?

Which picture in the poem do you like best?

Explain: "Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whir."

What is the meaning of the last nine lines?

Do you like this poem? Why? What can you tell of the author?

Point out parts that you like best.

Find examples of alliteration.

Why does the poet repeat "I am drawn"?

Select lines that are especially beautiful.

Words and Phrases for Discussion.

"glimmering"	"tolerant plains"	"braided dusks"
"shimmering"	"liberal marshes"	"woven shades"
"Vanishing"	"intricate channels"	"riotous noonday"
"swerving"	"uttermost creeks"	"ponderous gate"
"terminal blue"	"silvery essences"	"wood aisle"

"Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream"

"the trowel of trade is low"

"The vast, sweet visage of space"

"Bending your beauty aside"

"Glynn"—a county in Georgia which borders on the Atlantic.

"live oak"—a species of oak found along the coasts of the southern states.

"catholic man"—a broad-minded man.

This textbook may be borrowed for two weeks, with the privilege of renewing it once. A fine of five cents a day is incurred by failure to return a book on the date when it is due.

The Education Library is open from 9 to 5 daily except Saturday when it closes at 12.30.

DUE DUE